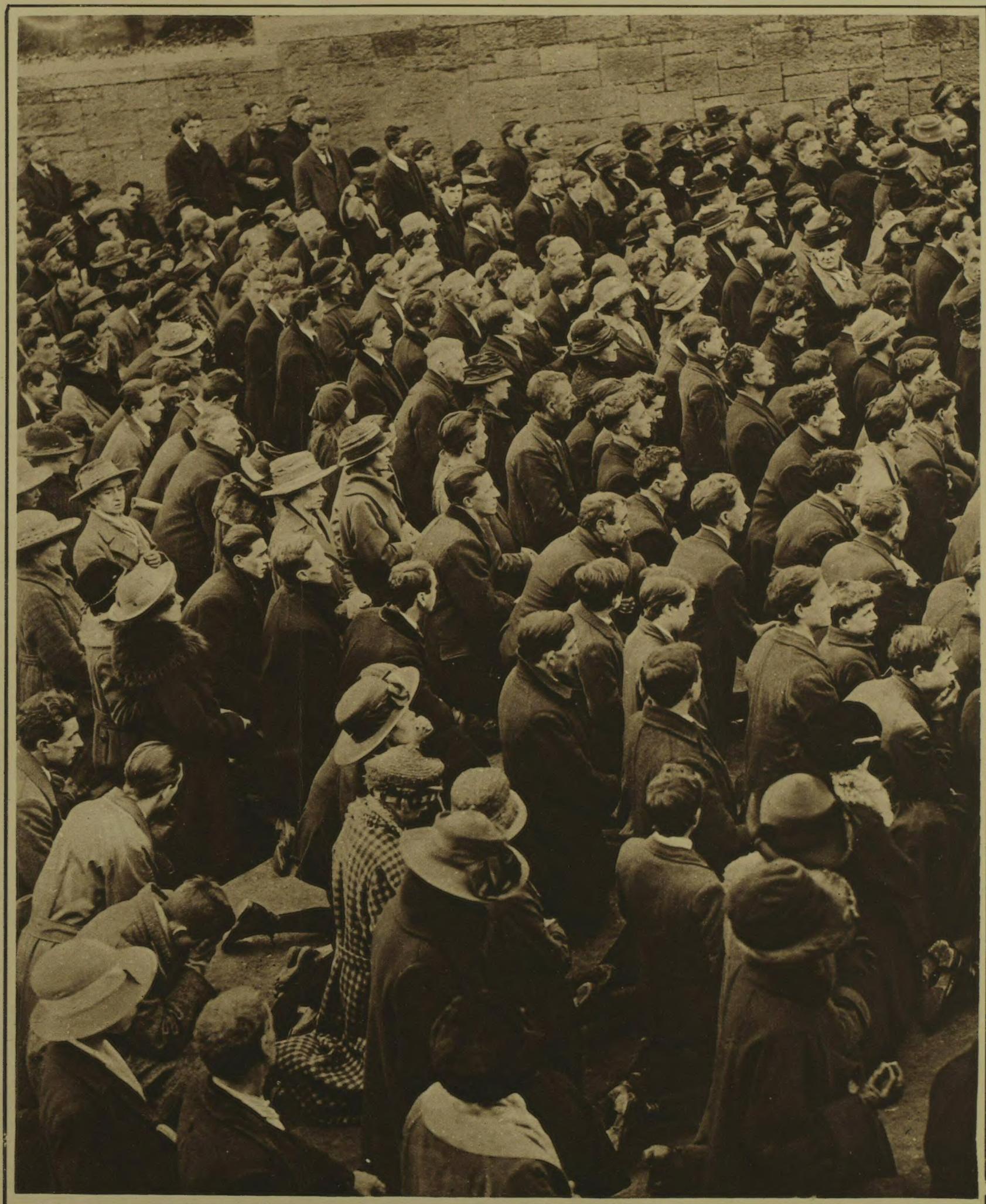


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1921.

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THE EXCITEMENT AROUSED BY THE EXECUTION OF SIX CONVICTED SINK FEINERS: A GREAT CROWD OF SYMPATHISERS IN DUBLIN, OUTSIDE MOUNTJOY GAOL.

Thousands of people, men and women, knelt in the rain on the road outside Mountjoy Gaol while six men were executed within, on the morning of March 14. The crowd began to gather soon after 5 a.m., when the Curfew Order expired, and the prisoners were hanged in pairs at 6, 7, and 8 o'clock. The first pair executed were Thomas Whelan and Patrick Moran, convicted of complicity in

the murders of military officers in Dublin on November 21. The next two were Thomas Bryan and Patrick Doyle, and the last, Francis Flood and Bernard Ryan. These four had been (to quote an official notice) "found guilty of high treason by levying war." As a protest against the executions, no work was done in the city till 11 o'clock, by order of the Irish Labour Party.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.



THE burden of France has been explained copiously enough by economists and statisticians, but it has been reserved for a geographer to state the case most cogently in small compass. With that succinct vividness in which the Gallic pen has no rival, M. A. Demangeon, Lecturer in Geography at the Sorbonne, reviews the question in the light of his own subject, and his work, if translated and widely circulated in this country, should do much to silence those quasi-idealists who condemn the recent strong action of the Allies with regard to Germany. M. Demangeon's essays, published last year, have special significance in view of current events. His main theme is The Decline of Europe, and the shifting of the commercial and financial centre of gravity to America and Japan; but he leads up to it with a thumbnail sketch of the general world effects of the war, and the sufferings of France in particular.

Focussing the situation in a few brilliant pages, this writer first draws a historic parallel with the ravages of the Hundred Years War, the Thirty Years War, and

the Napoleonic Campaigns. These, he admits, are dwarfed by comparison, but they serve to emphasise the tediousness of recovery. In the seventeenth century, the iron industry of Champagne, so prosperous under Henry IV. and at the beginning of Louis XIII's reign, was almost utterly ruined by the incursions of the Swedes and Croats. Most of the forges ceased work, and many were never restarted. Even at the close of that century, despite the efforts of Colbert, former prosperity was only partially regained. Remembering these bitter experiences, France understands only too well how long and arduous a road she must travel before she can recover from the immeasurably greater loss of recent years. For the German crime has "sapped the very foundations of civilised existence; intensive cultivation of the soil, the complex labour of highly specialised factories, regular transport services, the easy access of country to country," not to mention the loss in man-power. "In the North the cataclysm has overwhelmed everything." Besides the forests, factories, mines and houses wilfully and wantonly destroyed by the enemy, M. Demangeon bids his readers consider the "Zone of Death," that tract of country 500 kilometres long by from 10 to 25 broad, where not only was cultivation suspended, but the good soil has been transformed into a poisoned desert, difficult to restore to the uses of husbandry. Between 1913 and 1918, France's production of wheat alone fell 30 per cent.; that of potatoes practically ceased.

The problem that faces the French people is, in a word, the reconstruction of their whole economic life. In the work before me, the writer estimates the total damage at 120 milliards of francs, of which 34,600 millions are for dwellings and public monuments, 19,220 millions for agriculture, 4250 millions for coal-mines, 11,140 millions for the metal industries generally, and 22,000 millions for textiles. In view of such a

bill of costs, M. Briand had good cause to be firm, and the Allies to strengthen his hands. At the best, France can receive only a fraction of the reparations due from the aggressor, whose paltry offers and subterfuges appear more than ever contemptible under M. Demangeon's concentrated searchlight.

The Prince of Wales has seen the Clyde restored to normal activity, always a fascinating sight, but now greatly shorn of the romance it held in the war years. In those days, to sail from the Broomielaw to Dunoon was to realise to the full Hamlet's line, "Such impress of shipwrights whose sore task does not divide the Sunday from the week." The river was then a microcosm of war conditions. It reflected not only armed preparation, but such immunity as our commerce enjoyed under the sure shield of the Grand Fleet. The first few miles of the voyage revealed merely a great trading seaport going about its lawful occasions; it seemed, but for tied-up enemy craft, as if the arts of peace were undisturbed. Then

sped roaring, to remind summer voyagers that to them the unforgettable Clyde of those days must say: "Thus far and no farther."

Memories of the Firth of Clyde, that open door to America, coincide to-day, not inopportunistly, with the news that New York is about to lose an interesting landmark—the old office of the *New York Herald*. The building had a curious individuality, and its two-storeyed humility was in edifying contrast with the cloud-aspiring homes of other newspapers. Standing on an island site, at the junction of Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Streets, Sixth Avenue and Broadway, the *Herald* office was, in a double sense, a centre of publicity, for its spacious arched windows invited the passer-by to watch the wheels go round. From the "side-walk" one could see the paper printed and the staff at work. The *Herald* people lived in a veritable glass house. For the nearest approach, this side the Atlantic, to such journalistic courage, one must go to Paris, where the *Matin* used to exhibit a few compositors at work in a front window. But that was a small effort compared with the *New York Herald*'s generous self-revelation.

Ingenuous self-revelation touched high-water mark in the case of a humble author just departed—Mr. George Meek, the Eastbourne bath-chairman, whose autobiography was reviewed in high critical quarters. Mr. Meek, whom Mr. H. G. Wells encouraged to write, confessed that he had given Shakespeare a fair trial, but could see nothing in his plays; he could not stand Scott and Thackeray, but he liked Mrs. Humphry Ward. The bath-chairman evidently read Shakespeare



GREETED BY THE STUDENTS' SLOGAN, "'VARSITY YGORRA': MR. BONAR LAW INSTALLED AS LORD RECTOR OF GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

Mr. Bonar Law was installed as Lord Rector of Glasgow University in St. Andrew's Hall, on March 11. When he appeared on the platform, the students yelled their slogan, "'Varsity Ygorra, 'Varsity Ygorra," and his Rectorial address was at first interrupted by snores, whistles, and requests for a song. Our photograph shows him with Sir Donald MacAlister, Principal of the University (the right-hand figure of the two seen standing together in the centre foreground), during the proceedings.—[Photograph by C.N.]

came another hint of war—a liner on which guns were being mounted. Nameless she was, but one recognised her for an old friend, and recalled with curious emotions a dance on those very decks, one sub-tropical summer evening a point or two west of the Azores. The old acquaintance slid past, and a new region opened. The quays of merchant traffic retired in favour of the ship-building yards, that "colossal and fantastic world of constructive industry. On the slips lay the very latest inventions of naval warfare, strange and unfamiliar monsters some of them, their particular uses only to be guessed at, and the less said the better.

Lower down, as the stream broadened to an estuary, commerce asserted itself again in yards where merchant vessels were being built or repaired. All the busy riverside towns below Glasgow told the same tale of effort to replace losses due to the enemy submarine. It was symbolic of the Clyde's fidelity, even in the midst of war, to peaceful pursuits, and of her service as a great life-sustainer. Then came the final and prohibitory note of actual war. In quieter times our boat would have sighted the peaks of Arran and Ailsa Craig before she put about; but opposite battered Dunoon, from shore to shore, heaved the dark line of the protecting boom, and beyond, across the dangerous open waters, a destroyer

severely for subject-matter, and failing to find it, found nothing else. More fortunate was Stevenson's Shakespeare enthusiast, that boy to whom sense was nothing, sound everything. This "lover of great literature" spent perhaps his last pence on a cheap copy of Shakespeare, although "he understood not one sentence out of twelve and his favourite part was that of which he understood the least—the inimitable, mouth-filling rodomontade of the ghost in 'Hamlet'." A little more discerning (but not much), yet a man of genuine taste, was R.L.S.'s beggar friend, that picturesque old soldier who "loved the exotic, the unexpected word, the moving cadence of a phrase," but whose critical power did not carry him further than "Shelley was a fine poet, Sir, though a trifling atheist in his opinions. Scott, Sir, is not so poetical a writer. With the works of Shakespeare I am not so well acquainted, but he was a fine poet. Keats—John Keats, Sir—he was a very fine poet."

Within his own province of appreciation, however, the old soldier justified himself. He, the votary of word-magic, with true instinct put Keats in the upper room. The others were "fine poets"; Keats—John Keats, Sir—was "a very fine poet." Appreciation of poetry for pure sound may be, as Stevenson suggests, commoner than we suppose.

J. D. S.

THE FIRST WOMAN D.C.L. OF OXFORD: THE QUEEN'S DEGREE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO.



AT THE OLDEST WOMEN'S COLLEGE IN OXFORD: LADY MARGARET HALL STUDENTS PRESENTED.



ADMIRING "CHILDREN OF THE COLLEGE": HER MAJESTY SEES MRS. JULIAN HUXLEY'S BABY SON.



FROM OXFORD WOMEN'S SOCIETIES: MISS BUTTERWORTH GIVING THE QUEEN A BOOK.



"THE FIRST QUEEN TO APPEAR IN CAP AND GOWN" AT OXFORD: HER MAJESTY, IN HER D.C.L. ROBES, WALKING WITH THE CHANCELLOR (LORD CURZON) IN PROCESSION, AFTER RECEIVING HER DEGREE.



GOOD-BYE TO LADY MARGARET HALL: THE QUEEN CHEERED BY THE STUDENTS ON HER DEPARTURE FROM THE COLLEGE.



THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCIPAL OF OXFORD'S PREMIER WOMEN'S COLLEGE: HER MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH MISS JEX-BLAKE.

The Queen and Princess Mary, who is seen with her mother in several of the above photographs, visited Oxford on March 11. In the Sheldonian Theatre her Majesty received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law, the highest that the University can bestow. She was not only the first Queen, but the first woman, to receive it. The Chancellor, Lord Curzon, referred in his speech to the visits of previous Queens—Matilda, Eleanor of Aquitaine, Catherine of Aragon, Elizabeth, Henrietta Maria, and Catherine of Braganza. Queen Mary, he said,

was "the first Queen of England to receive an honorary degree at the hands of the University, and the first Queen to appear in a cap and gown." In the afternoon her Majesty visited Lady Margaret Hall, and was presented with a vellum-bound copy of Sir Thomas Jackson's history of the University Church of St. Mary, on behalf of the five women's societies in Oxford, the others being Somerville, St. Hugh's, St. Hilda's, and Oxford House Students. At Somerville she saw some "children of the College," that is, children of former students.

BRITISH TANKS IN DÜSSELDORF: THE OCCUPATION

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPURK AND GENERAL, PHOTOTHEK



AFTER PLACING WREATHS ON THE GRAVE OF SOLDIERS FALLEN IN THE WAR OF 1870: GENERAL GAUCHER, THE FRENCH COMMANDER AT DÜSSELDORF.



"GOD SAVE THE KING" IN DÜSSELDORF: AND GENERAL



WITH FIXED BAYONETS AND COLOURS FLYING: A REGIMENT OF FRENCH TROOPS MARCHING INTO DÜSSELDORF.



BRITISH COASTAL BOATS ON THE RIVER AT GENERAL MORLAND ON



THE ALLIED HEADQUARTERS AT DÜSSELDORF: THE PARK HOTEL, WITH TWO FRENCH SENTRY-BOXES AT THE ENTRANCE.



FRENCH TROOPS IN DUISBURG, FIFTEEN COLUMN WINDING

OF THE THREE RHINE TOWNS BY ALLIED TROOPS.

(BERLIN), SENNECKE, I.B., AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



GENERAL MORLAND, THE BRITISH COMMANDER, GAUCHER SALUTING.



READING THE FIRST FRENCH PROCLAMATIONS IN DUISBURG: GERMAN CIVILIANS WITH SOME FRENCH SOLDIERS SEEN ON THE LEFT.



DÜSSELDORF: THE RHINE FLOTILLA CARRYING A TOUR OF INSPECTION.



BRITISH CAVALRY IN THE RUHR CAPITAL: ENTERING DÜSSELDORF TO CONTROL THE SOUTHERN PART OF THE TOWN.



MILES FROM DÜSSELDORF: A LONG THROUGH THE TOWN.



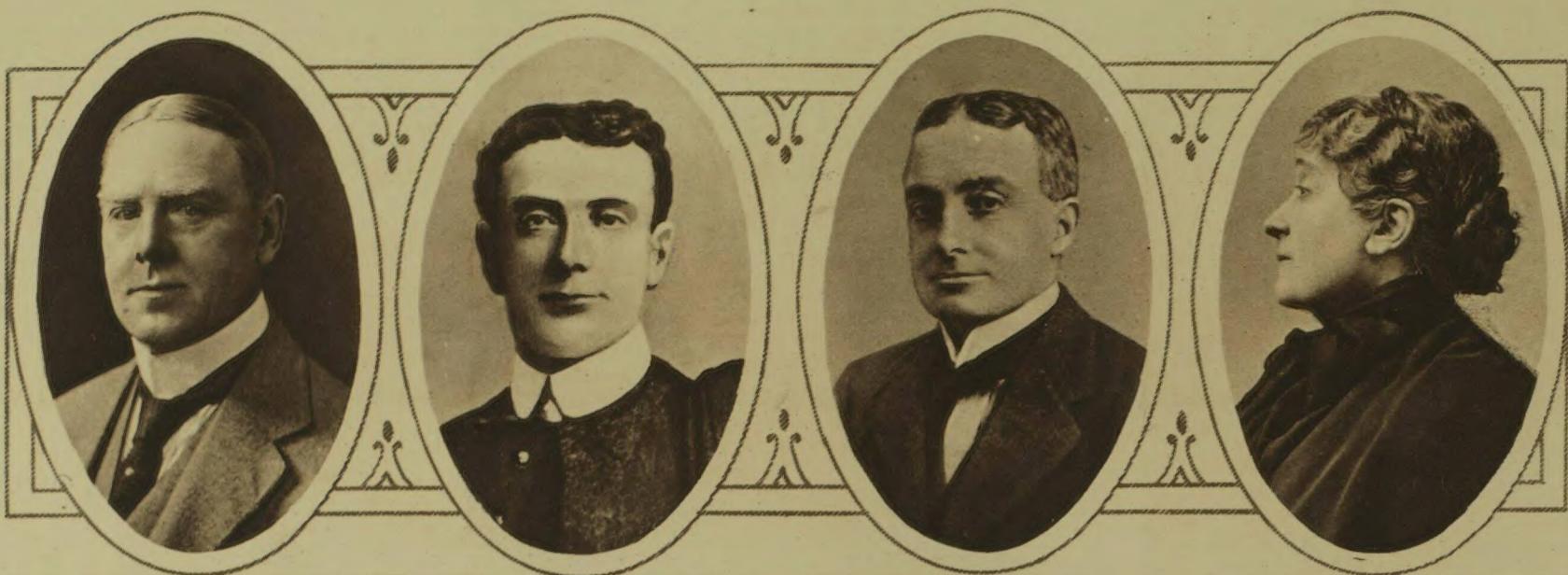
BRITISH TANKS ENTERING DÜSSELDORF: THE CHIEF OBJECT OF INTEREST TO THE CIVILIAN POPULATION

Acting promptly in accordance with the Allied ultimatum to Germany at the London Conference, French, British, and Belgian forces advanced in the early hours of March 8 and occupied the three Rhine towns of Düsseldorf, Duisburg, and Ruhrort. At the same time the British Rhine flotilla of coastal motor-boats, under Commander Macdonald, moved to an anchorage under the walls of Düsseldorf. The British cavalry, comprising squadrons of the 14th Hussars from Cologne, were commanded by Colonel Brown. They controlled the southern part of the town, while Belgian troops occupied the northern section. British tanks also entered the town and took up a position by the railway. They became an object of great interest to the civilian population, who gave no trouble. The French General Gaucher, who is in chief command at Düsseldorf, has handled the

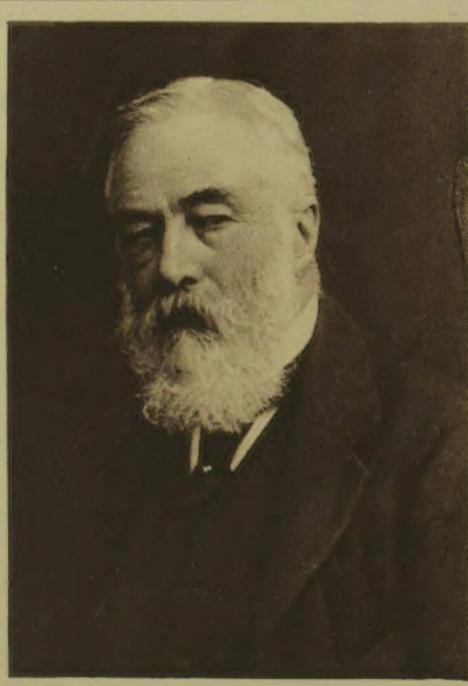
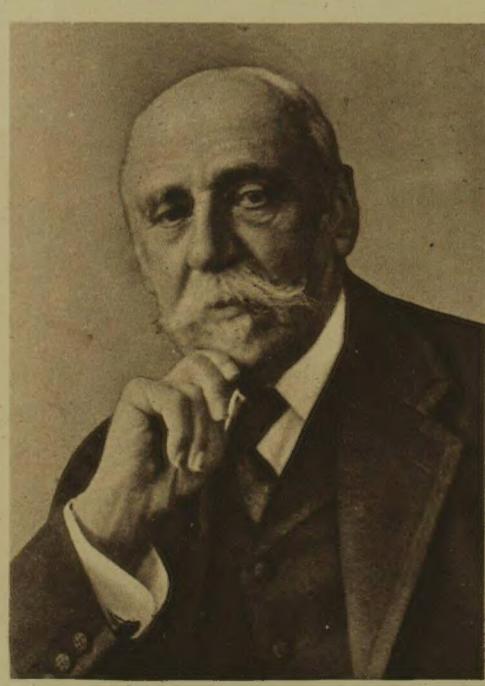
situation with great tact, and is very popular. The British troops are under the command of General Morland. Düsseldorf, the Ruhr capital, twenty-two miles below Cologne, is the most convenient port on the Rhine for the manufacturing districts of Elberfeld and Barmen. It has grown rapidly in the past fifty years, and now rivals Cologne. Duisburg is a manufacturing town fifteen miles north of Düsseldorf, and about a mile from the right bank of the Rhine. Ruhrort, its waterside suburb at the mouth of the Ruhr, a tributary of the Rhine, has one of the largest inland harbours in the world, and carries on an important trade in coal, unwrought iron, and hardware. The manufactures of Duisburg include iron, brass, and copper, for which its position in the Ruhr coalfield makes it especially suitable.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, "DAILY MAIL," CENTRAL PRESS, RUSSELL, KEYSTONE VIEW CO., TOPICAL, VANDYK, AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.

A FAMOUS THOUGHT-READER DEAD:
THE LATE MR. A. O. CAPPER.MURDERED: ALDERMAN GEORGE
CLANCY, MAYOR OF LIMERICK.MURDERED: MR. M. O'CALLAGHAN,
EX-MAYOR OF LIMERICK.A TEMPERANCE REFORMER: THE
LATE LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

ADVISER ON ARABIA TO THE MIDDLE-EAST DEPARTMENT: COL. T. E. LAWRENCE.

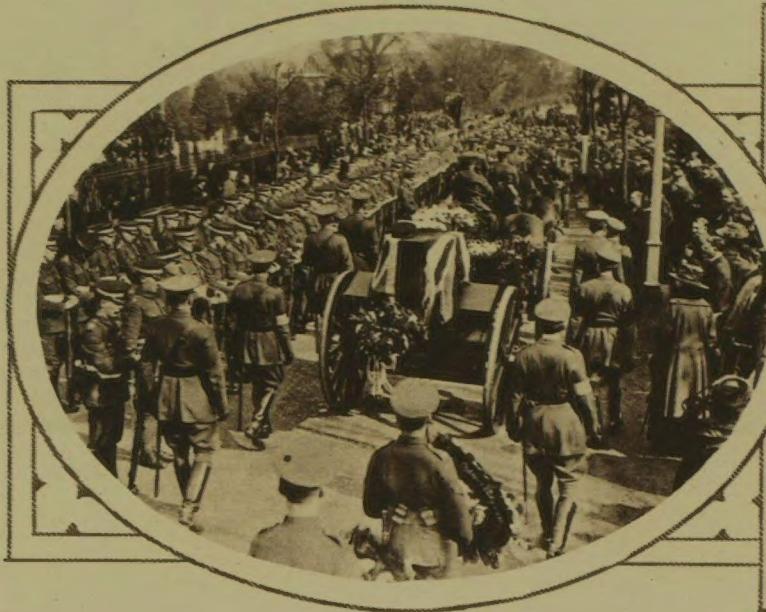
ASSASSINATED IN MADRID: THE LATE SEÑOR DATO,
PREMIER OF SPAIN.A POPULAR NOVELIST DEAD: THE LATE
MRS. FLORENCE BARCLAY.NEARLY EIGHTY, AND RETIRING: SIR COURTEENAY
ILBERT, CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.RESCUER OF WRECKED CHINAMEN: CAPT.
EVANS, OF "BROKE" AND SOUTH POLE FAME.THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A FAMOUS LAWYER
AND SCIENTIST: THE LATE LORD MOULTON.

Mr. Alfred Octavius Capper, the well-known thought-reader, died suddenly in a taxicab in Paris on March 11.—Alderman George Clancy, Mayor of Limerick, and Councillor Michael O'Callaghan, ex-Mayor, were both shot dead at their homes by armed men in the early hours of March 7. Their wives were both injured in trying to defend them.—Lady Henry Somerset, sister-in-law of the Duke of Beaufort, died in Gray's Inn on March 12. She was long President of the National British Women's Temperance Association, and founded the Duxhurst Farm Colony for Inebriates.—Col. T. E. Lawrence, who did such wonderful work among the Arabs during the war, has been made Adviser on Arabian affairs to the new Middle-East Department. He went with Mr. Churchill to Egypt for

the conference on Mesopotamia.—Señor Dato, the Spanish Premier, who was shot dead in his car by motor-cyclists in Madrid on March 8, was thrice Premier, taking office in 1913, 1917, and 1920.—Mrs. Florence Barclay, the popular novelist, died on March 10. Her best-known book, "The Rosary," had a huge sale.—Sir Courtenay Ilbert became Clerk of the House of Commons in 1902.—Capt. E. R. Evans, commanding H.M.S. "Carlisle," recently effected a heroic rescue of 200 Chinamen from the wrecked steamer "Hongmoh." During the war he commanded the "Broke," in the famous sea-fight. Previously he led the British Antarctic Expedition after the death of Captain Scott.—Lord Moulton, the eminent lawyer and scientist, died on March 9. He was a Lord of Appeal.

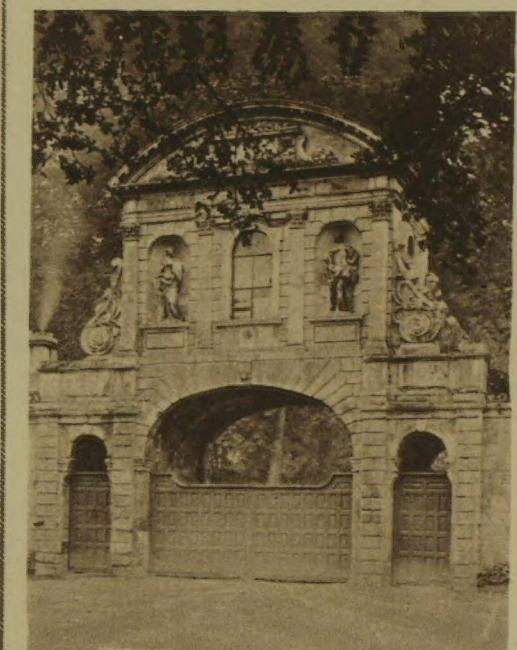
NEWS OF THE WEEK: IRISH FUNERALS; TEMPLE BAR; ROYAL INTERESTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGDON PHOTO CO., TOPICAL, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



AN IRISH TRAGEDY ON THE CROWN SIDE: THE MILITARY FUNERAL OF COL-COMMANDANT CUMMING (KILLED IN AMBUSH) AT GOLDER'S GREEN.

AN IRISH TRAGEDY ON THE SINK FEIN SIDE: THE BURIAL OF THE MAYOR AND EX-MAYOR OF LIMERICK (SHOT AT THEIR HOMES)—THE SCENE BY THE GRAVES.



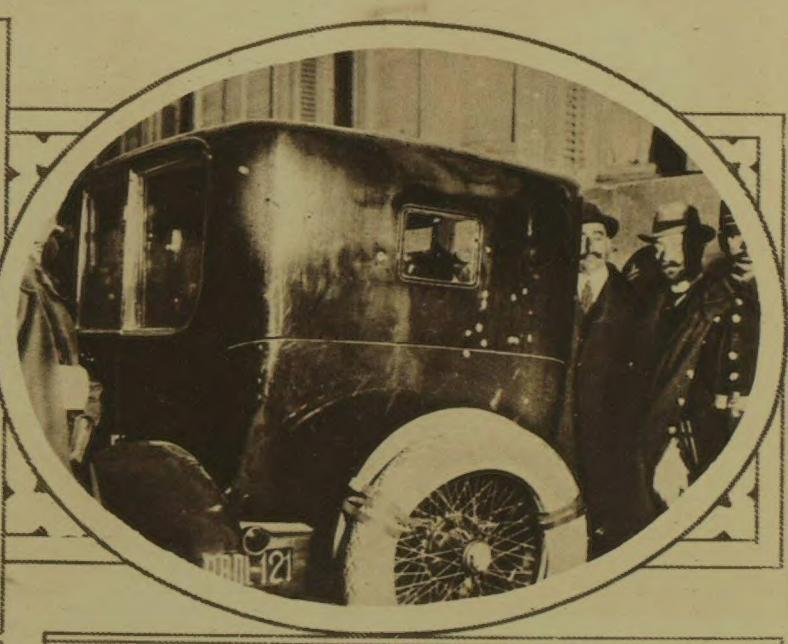
ENGLAND v. IRELAND AT HOCKEY: THE KING GREETING THE IRISH TEAM AT BECKENHAM.

TO BE RESTORED TO LONDON? OLD TEMPLE BAR, NOW IN THEOBALD'S PARK, WALTHAM.

ENABLING BLIND MEN TO FOLLOW FOOTBALL: MR. JOSEPH GIBB WITH HIS INVENTION AT A MATCH.



ROYAL SYMPATHY FOR A MURDERED PREMIER: THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN LEAVING THE HOUSE OF THE LATE SEÑOR DATO.



HOW SEÑOR DATO WAS ASSASSINATED: THE BACK OF HIS MOTOR-CAR, SHOWING HOLES MADE BY THE BULLETS WHICH KILLED HIM.

The body of the late Col.-Commandant H. R. Cumming, D.S.O., Military Governor of Kerry, killed on March 5 in a Sinn Fein ambush, at Clonbannin, Co. Cork, was brought to London and buried with military honours at Golder's Green, on March 10.—The funeral of Alderman Clancy, Mayor of Limerick, and Councillor O'Callaghan, ex-Mayor, who were shot dead at their homes in the night of March 6-7, took place a few days later. Portraits of them appear on another page.—A hockey match between England and Ireland took place at Beckenham on March 12. The King was present, for the first time at an international hockey match.—A scheme is on foot to set up old Temple Bar, which gave place to the Griffin outside the Law Courts in 1878, at the Embankment entrance

of Middle Temple Lane. It belongs to Sir Hedworth Meux, and stands at present on his estate at Theobald's Park, Waltham. His consent to its removal is necessary.—Mr. Joseph Gibb, of Glasgow, has invented a device enabling blind men to follow every move in a game of football. Our photograph shows him using it with a St. Dunstan's man at the English League v. Scottish League match at Highbury on March 12.—The Spanish Prime Minister, Señor Dato (whose portrait we give on another page) was shot by motor-cyclists while driving home in his motor-car in Madrid on March 8. More than twenty bullet-holes were made in it. The King and Queen of Spain visited the grief-stricken widow and daughters, and the King attended the funeral on March 10.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

I HAVE always wondered that M. Anatole France, whose knowledge of the history and psychology of the Middle Ages is unsurpassed, never took for his theme the tragical romance of Abelard and Héloïse. Little was known of them, save the half-legendary story of their learning and their love, until Victor Cousin, close on a century ago, edited the famous theologian's writings, and proved that he was among the most virile and original of the great scholastic philosophers. Indeed, his figure passed like a meteor across the intellectual firmament of the twelfth century, and the opposition to his teaching on the part of high-placed ecclesiastics was a striking proof of the far-reaching nature of his personal influence in an age when it was still possible to revive a minor heresy without running the risk of fiery obsequies. I myself once looked through some of the material for a character in Plutarch's vein of this triumphant theologian, whose love-affair—perhaps, in reality, a comparatively minute matter in his historic career—seems to have been disregarded by contemporary masters of disputation. It was the concluding effort of a period of curiosity in regard to the men and affairs of the early Middle Ages, which began with a painstaking inquiry into the amazing life of Gerbert (Pope Silvester II.), which had been summed up in the mystic line—

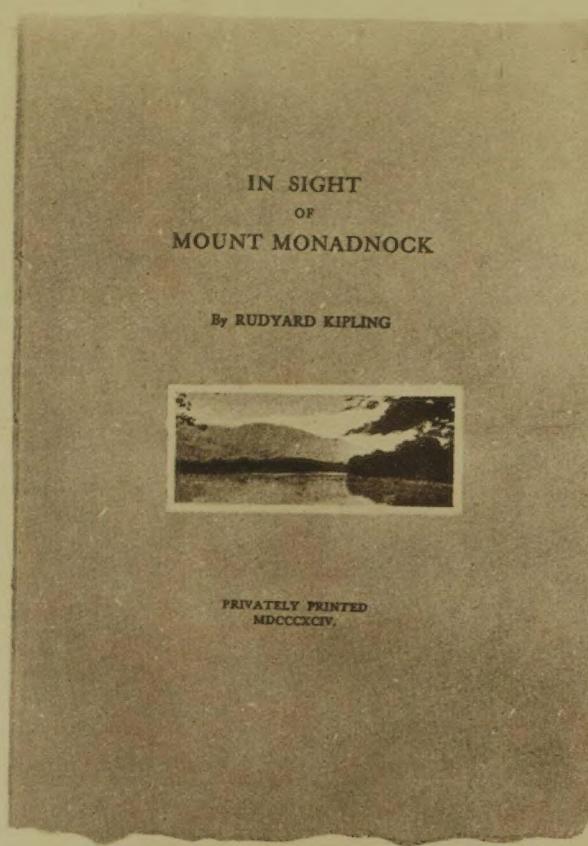
Scandit ab R Gerbertus ad R post Papa
vigens R,

for Rheims, Ravenna, and Rome were the stepping-stones in the progress of the famous scientist to a dubious immortality. From him I went on to other and later celebrities, searching the monastic chronicles collected by Muratori and other documents most faithfully, and everywhere discovering that most modern pictures were but vague and uncritical impressions. But Abelard I dared not adventure on, secretly fearing that the beauty and learning and sweet temerity of the Abbess of the Paraclete might vanish in the cold light of historical truth, and not wishing, furthermore, to see the man greater as a theologian than as a lover. Avoid scientific history if you wish to believe in all the old romances which have lived on the lips of unlearned people!

In "HÉLOÏSE AND ABELARD" (2 vols.; privately printed for subscribers; 63s. net) Mr. George Moore strives to fan the old tale into a new and living conflagration. But he has not, alas! either the knowledge or the temperament to reconstruct the tumultuous and bewildering twelfth century, or to reanimate the protagonists in one of the most renowned dramas in which passion spins the plot. Neither the valiant

hunter, who was learning to be merciful to wolves for fear of killing them all and losing his job; and that of the pious parrot which escaped from its cage and was chased by a goshawk, but saved itself and settled its pursuer by screaming aloud: "Sancte Thoma, Adiava!" That is a touch in the true mediæval vein—not, of course, meant to be laughed at—which one can imagine M. Anatole France inventing between one sad smile and the next.

Mr. Moore, who is most at home in the 'Nineties and is not afraid to be "ninetyish," would have been better advised if he had given us a romance of the kind that is evoked in remembrance by the mere utterance of the name—Paul Verlaine! He should have transferred his Abelard and Héloïse to the Quartier Latin, in the dear, unforgettable days when it had not yet become a sort of white-washed city of mechanical wonders for the gullible tourist.

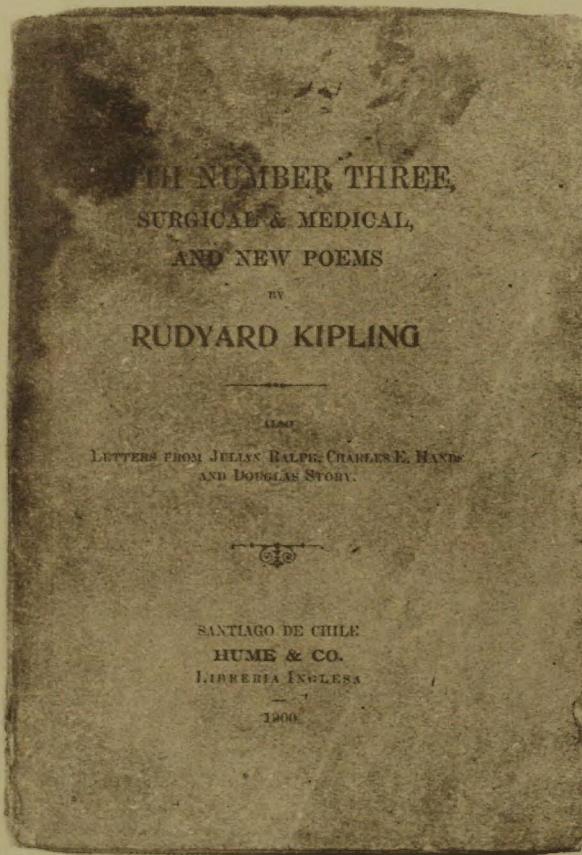


PRIVately PRINTED, AND RARE: KIPLING'S "IN SIGHT OF MOUNT MONADNOCK."

We reproduce on this page illustrations of three of the lots in an especially interesting sale, which will be held by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge on April 4, 5, and 6., and includes a comprehensive collection of the writings of Rudyard Kipling, the property of Captain E. W. Martindell. The particular "lot" illustrated above is described as follows: "In Sight of Mount Monadnock, 8 ll. (last page blank), illustration on title, original wrappers, with title on upper cover, in a folder, the whole enclosed in a half morocco open case, lettered, a fine unopened copy, rare. Privately printed, 1894."

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

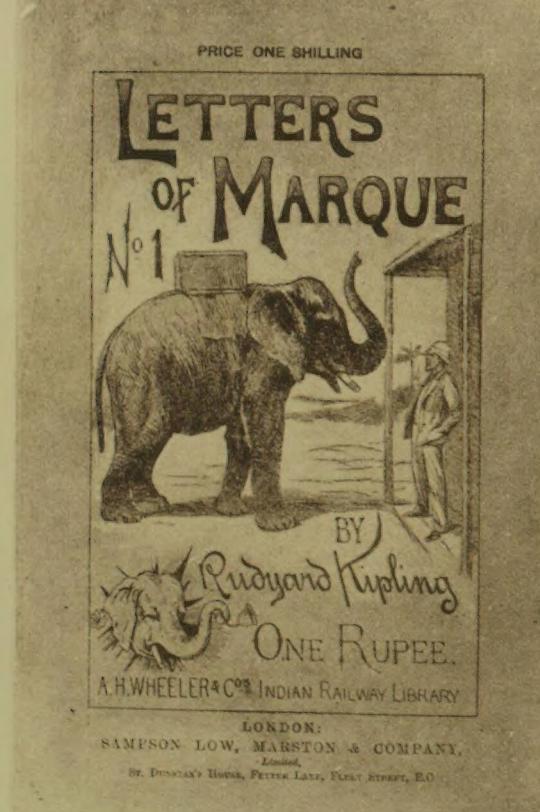
tenderness of his Héloïse, nor the conflict of thought and desire he imagines in the soul of his Abelard (it is too much a *sceâne à faire*!), ever touches the heart for a moment, and these twain, and all his other characters, move as shades in shadowy places. It is the pastoral element in the book which interests us most—and that means that a false note is heard, or at any rate overheard, throughout, for there was no love of nature in the mediæval mind. He takes unpardonable liberties with historical facts. Thus, he makes Abelard a *trouvere* in his youth (certainly an anachronism!) in order that he may sing love songs to his mistress, and she is made to become the mother of a boy who is named Astrolabe. The notion that the victorious disputant with the mighty St. Anselm at Laon could have graduated in minstrelsy, is a *reductio ad absurdum* of all the implications of mediæval history. In all his other books, and in his recently-published play, Mr. George Moore has always insisted on being the *jeune premier*, the young lover, and here once more his generous egoism insists on monopolising the centre of the stage. He ought to have been one of those handsome actor-managers before whose portraits flappers light little red wax candles saved from their last Christmas tree! But the fatal fault of the book—alas! that I should have to say it of the work of a writer of such variegated talent!—is that it bores one even in its rendering of unsanctioned ecstasies. There is, however, one episode which is in his best vein. That is the account of the journey to Brittany, with its vivid pictures of the countryside through which the Loire flows, and its joyous yarns such as that of the wolf-



CONTAINING UNCOLLECTED ITEMS: KIPLING'S "WITH NUMBER THREE . . ."

This is described as follows: "With Number Three, Surgical & Medical, and New Poems, also Letters from Julian Ralph, Charles E. Hands, and Douglas Story, original buff paper wrappers (stained and slightly defective), exceedingly rare, the existence of other copies appears to be doubtful. cr. 8vo. Santiago de Chile: Hume & Co. 1900. Contains the following uncollected items: With Number Three: Surgical and Medical, and New Auld Lang Syne."

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.



A KIPLING WHICH WAS SUPPRESSED BY THE AUTHOR: "LETTERS OF MARQUE"; ORIGINAL WRAPPERS. In the catalogue this is described as follows: "Letters of Marque, vol. I., original wrappers, with a design on front cover, lettered; Letters of Marque, No. 1. By Rudyard Kipling. One Rupee. In a folder, enclosed in a half morocco open case, lettered. Withdrawn from Circulation and Suppressed by the Author, a fine copy, exceedingly rare. 8vo. Sampson, Low, Marston & Company, 1891.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

MILITARY RACING AT SANDOWN: THREE PRINCES; AN ALLIES' 'CHASE.

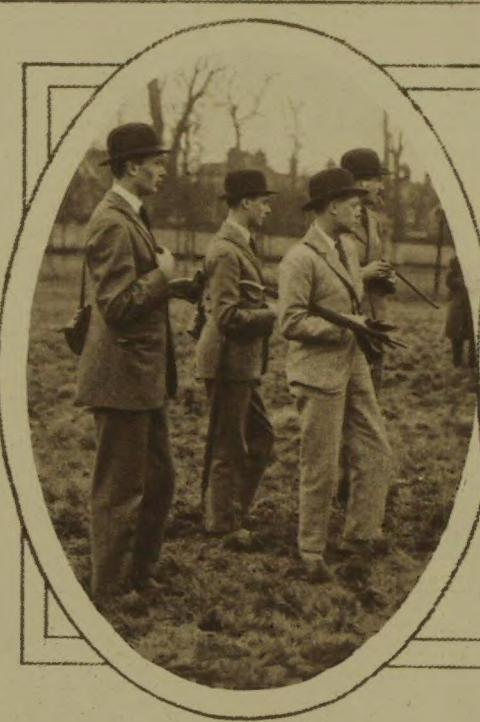
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUCH, C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, G.P.U., AND I.N.A.



THE FINISH OF THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP: MR. W. FILMER-SANKEY, 1ST LIFE GUARDS, WINNING ON HIS PAY ONLY.



THE ALLIES' STEEPELCHASE: HUGUENOT (RIGHT) LEADING FROM RAZZLE DAZZLE, THE WINNER (LEFT), AT THE FIRST FENCE.



WATCHING THE PAST AND PRESENT STEEPELCHASE: (L. TO R.) PRINCE HENRY, THE DUKE OF YORK, AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.



WINNER OF THE ALLIES' GRAND STEEPELCHASE: COMTE H. D'OUTREMONT, ON HIS RAZZLE DAZZLE.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE MEETING: TALKING TO AN OFFICER WHO RODE IN THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP.



ROYAL INTEREST IN HORSEFLESH: THE PRINCE OF WALES (THIRD FROM RIGHT AGAINST THE WALL) STUDYING MOUNTS AT SANDOWN PARK.



ROYAL ENTHUSIASM: THE PRINCE OF WALES (RIGHT), THE DUKE OF YORK AND PRINCE HENRY (THIRD AND FOURTH TO LEFT), WATCHING A RACE.

There was a great gathering of officers, past and present, at the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park, where, contrary to the usual custom, everyone who had ever held a commission could obtain a pass for the Members' Enclosure. The King, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Henry were present on March 11, the first day, when the chief event was the race for the Grand Military Gold Cup, a three-mile steeplechase. It was won by a neck by Mr. W. Filmer-Sankey's Pay Only (owner up). Colonel Brooke's Secretive

(Captain Doyle up) was second, and Sir H. Meux's White Surrey (Major Walwyn up) third. On the second day, a novel event was the Allies' Grand Steeplechase, in which four French and four Belgian officers rode. Only the Belgians finished, the Frenchmen being unused to the open ditch. Commandant Comte Hermann d'Oultremont's Razzle Dazzle (owner up) won by four lengths from Huguenot (Baron Gaffier up), and Southern Joy (Lieutenant Llame up) was third. These three are seen in the top right-hand photograph.

"I WANT TO SEE THE PEOPLE": THE PRINCE OF WALES AT GLASGOW, "THE SECOND CITY OF THE EMPIRE."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAVETTE (GLASGOW), PHOTOPRESS

SPORT AND GENERAL, C.N., AND I.B.



WITH HIS HOST AND HOSTESS DURING HIS GLASGOW VISIT: THE PRINCE BETWEEN LORD AND LADY BLYTHSWOOD IN A HOUSE-PARTY GROUP.



THE PRINCE AS ORATOR: SPEAKING AFTER LAVING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE SCOTTISH VETERANS' GARDEN CITY AT MARYHILL.



THE PRINCE'S POPULARITY WITH THE WORKPEOPLE: H.R.H. AT THE FERGUSLIE MILLS OF MESSRS. J. AND P. COATS.



ON THE CLYDE AT PAISLEY: THE PRINCE AT THE WHEEL OF A HYDRO-GLIDER, BUILT BY MESSRS. YARROW.



INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF GORDON HIGHLANDERS: THE PRINCE AT ST. ANDREW'S HALL.



THE PEOPLE OF GLASGOW WANT TO SEE THE PRINCE: H.R.H. (IN THE CAR, RAISING HIS HAT) LEAVING THE KELVIN GROVE ART GALLERIES.



IN THE THICK OF A GLASGOW CROWD: THE PRINCE (RAISING HIS HAT WITH HIS LEFT HAND) AMONG CHEERING WORKMEN AFTER LAUNCHING THE "WINDSOR CASTLE."



THE PRINCE AND BOY SCOUTS: PRESENTING THE KING'S FLAG TO THE 1ST GLASGOW TROOP.

The Prince of Wales, as usual on such occasions, made an immense success of his visit to Glasgow and neighbouring places on the Clyde, the enthusiasm of the workpeople and general public being especially marked. During his visit he was the guest of Lord and Lady Blythswood, at Blythswood House. The house party group (top left photograph) shows, from left to right, front row, beginning with the second figure—Mrs. W. H. Coats, Lord Blythswood, the Prince, Lady Blythswood, Hon. Olive Campbell, and Admiral Halsey. Behind are Lieut. Lewellyn, Mr. W. H. Coats, and Lord Glentanar. The Prince arrived in Glasgow on March 8, and received the Freedom of the City in St. Andrew's Hall. In his speech he said: "I want to see the people. I want to see all those who have made Glasgow what she is, the second city of the Empire."

It was very evident that the people also wanted to see him. Later, he visited the British Industries Fair and the Art Galleries in Kelvin Grove. On the 9th, at Clydebank, he launched the new Union Castle liner, "Windsor Castle," at Messrs. John Brown's yard, where he talked with the workmen and was (in quote an eye-witness) "engulfed in a sea of cheering workers." Next, he laid the foundation-stone of the Scottish Veterans' Garden City, at Maryhill. On the 10th he visited Paisley, where he went over several mills, and in Queen's Park he inspected Boy Scouts and Boys' Brigades. He presented to the 1st City of Glasgow Scouts the King's Flag which they won last year at the Jamboree at Olympia.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

"LOOK ye, my lads, did ye ever see such a fowl as that before? That's the bird which the old Indian kings of Mexico let no one wear but their own selves, and therefore I wear it—I, John Oxenham of South Tawton, for a sign to all brave lads of Devon, that as the Spaniards are the masters of the Indians, we are the masters of the Spaniards." The said bird was a whole Quezal bird, "whose gorgeous plumage, fretted golden green, shone like one entire precious stone," fastened with a great gold clasp on a Spanish hat. The language of "Westward Ho!" reproduces the days of Drake. We like the contemporary account where "the Queen's little pirate whispered in her ear as he walked beside her," and made Queen Elizabeth one of the greatest collectors in the world. Drake, with his one ship and eighty men, came home with gold-dust and silver ingots from Potosi, with pearls and emeralds and diamonds, which formed the cargo of the great galleon which sailed once a year from Lima to Cadiz; he brought jewels which Elizabeth wore in her crown. From the sailor in Limehouse Causeway with his green parrot in a cage to the latest distinguished member of the Royal Geographical Society, the collecting habit has continued. It is true unwise Tommies have brought home sacredly guarded ginger-beer bottles from remote places of the earth, but that was due to their ignorance of ginger-beer and of native art.

Curios of ethnographical interest were sold by Mr. Stevens, of Covent Garden, on the 8th. It is here that Oriental and native work finds an atmosphere. Wonderful throwing sticks, Ju-Ju rarities, savage amulets, slave chains taken from traders, deities of all races, Hindu, Siamese, Chinese, come under the hammer. Here is London's emporium for curios as distinct from elaborate furniture and superlative porcelain.

Objects of vertu from various sources, and a collection of coins, the property of the late Professor Julius Bogdanovitch, of Petrograd, were sold by Messrs. Christie on the 9th. Roman and Byzantine examples and Polish gold ducats only brought £609 in all, being outside esoteric numismatic interest.

An oval ivory snuff-box, with a lid surrounded with a border of diamonds on a blue enamel ground, was set with a miniature of Warren Hastings. It was presented to Warren Hastings by Indian rajahs, and had an authentic record from a niece of Mrs. Warren Hastings. One wonders whether it was from the brush of Imhoff, the complaisant husband with whose wife Hastings fell violently in love on the old East India man on the tedious voyage out — till, and by arrangement, Imhoff bought an estate in Saxony, and Mme. Imhoff, after her divorce, married Hastings at Calcutta, and became Vicereine of India.

On the 9th, Messrs. Puttick and Simpson sold valuable books, the property of a Baronet and others. A Fourth Folio Shakespeare (1685) sold for £120.

On the 11th, Messrs. Christie were selling modern pictures and drawings. A "Lake Scene," by Wilson, with figures in foreground, exhibited something of the master's touch. Alphonse Legros, as Philip Gilbert Hamerton was never

tired of telling his contemporaries, was a masterly portraitist in fine line, and a silver-point, the "Head of a Lady" bore this out. A Crome "View on a Norfolk River" came as a harbinger of the centenary celebrations of Crome's death on April 22. There were three Birket Fosters: "The Cottage Garden," "Verona," and "Florence"; and A. D. Peppercorn's "Early Morning," and Cecil G. Lawson's "Harvest Time near Richmond," were echoes of a full time of art in the last decade of the nineteenth century. Leader had a full complement of four canvases, including "Evening,

Duke of Cumberland, brought 94 guineas, and two figures of agate cats, 5 inches high, sold for 95 guineas. Salt glaze, that delicate English ware, was represented by a fine series of teapots, mugs, and teapots, with coloured decorations. A Porto Bello jug, although faulty, brought 52 guineas, inscribed: "The British Glory revived: By Admiral Vernon: He took Porto Bello with six ships only: Nov. ye 22nd.

1739." The Worcester porcelain covered the gamut of marks, with oval pierced baskets with square mark, plates with crescent mark and *W* mark, and Chamberlain Worcester vases painted with Ariadne, Orpheus, and Eurydice, by Baxter, with gold mark.

On the 15th, at Christie's, among the old English porcelain sold, the property of Sir John Smiley, Bt., were some interesting Worcester examples; and a fine Nantgarw dessert service, painted with flower sprays in colours, had the impressed factory mark. Nantgarw always brings high prices.

Decorative furniture, porcelain, and tapestry were sold by Messrs. Christie on the 17th. This included a suite of Louis XVI. furniture, with settee and six fauteuils covered with Aubusson tapestry with pastoral scenes, and a fine Louis XV. marqueterie secretaire stamped "E V B B M E." The Brussels tapestry included panels with Teniers subjects; but a set of five panels of Mortlake tapestry, the property of a nobleman, fetched a great price: brilliantly woven with subjects allegorical of March, April, May, June, July, August, and September, by Stephen de May, signed "S. D. M." An oblong panel was 9 ft. by 17 ft., and four upright panels were, respectively, 9 ft. by 8 ft. and 9 ft. by 4 ft.

Glass is much collected nowadays, but collectors cannot be too careful: the market is flooded with foreign replicas, and a regular industry exists to simulate old examples. Messrs. Sotheby were selling, on the 17th and 18th, collections from various sources, including a Jacobite wine glass with portrait of Charles Edward Stuart, inscribed *Audentior ibo*, the property of the Rev. Sir Genille Cave-Browne-Cave, Bt.; and a pair of Waterford oval dishes and covers with serrated edges, the property of Lord Willoughby de Broke. Waterford such as this, of unimpeachable authenticity, needs no bush, but it cannot too strongly be advanced that 99 per cent. of the glass on the market purporting to be old Waterford is nothing of the sort. Fabricators have erroneously believed it to be black-tinged or blue-tinged, whereas it is clear and limpid, as a study of the subject will show the tyro. Experts cannot easily determine what is old Waterford, or what was made in Ireland and elsewhere. Some old English porcelain in this sale claimed attention: a set of Rockingham plates bore the griffin mark of the factory, the arms of the Fitz-



LEFT BY SIR HUGH LANE, WHO WENT DOWN IN THE "LUSITANIA," TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY, AND CLAIMED FOR DUBLIN: "THE PRESENT," BY ALFRED STEVENS, THE BELGIAN PAINTER. The two pictures here reproduced belong to the disputed bequest of the late Sir Hugh Lane, particulars of which are given on the opposite page.

By Courtesy of the Tate Gallery.

Worcestershire," 1886, which sold for 265 guineas; and "A Summer Stream, North Wales," 1884. He has that pictorial sentimentality which attracts the novice and wins the same approval as the hackneyed refrain of a third-rate ballad. J. F. Herring, sen., with his two canvases, "Blue Bonnet, Winner of the St. Leger, 1842," and "Our Nell, Winner of the Oaks, 1842," found recognition at only 60 guineas each.

Certain old English pottery from the E. H. Coopman collection was sold by Messrs. Puttick



SIR HUGH LANE'S DISPUTED BEQUEST OF FAMOUS PICTURES TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY: THE "CONCERT AUX TUILERIES," BY EDOUARD MANET.—[By Courtesy of the Tate Gallery.]

and Simpson on the 11th, together with some Worcester porcelain, the property of a nobleman. Three of Mason's ironstone-ware dinner services, painted with birds and flowers in the Chinese taste, represented a fine pottery. Mason, in his deep blues on utilitarian ware, approached more nearly the Chinese blue than any other potter. An egg-stand, surmounted by a bust of the

William family, on whose land the pottery stood, at Swinton, in Yorkshire. Some Herculaneum furniture, a settee, and ten cabriole chairs in white and gold, with shield-shaped backs, were of the right period. Two Chippendale chairs, and two similar corner chairs, with backs pierced and moulded, had a character which invited competition.

FOR LONDON OR DUBLIN? AN IRISH GRIEVANCE IN THE ART WORLD.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY COURTESY OF THE TATE GALLERY.



ONE OF THE PICTURES IN THE DISPUTED BEQUEST* OF SIR HUGH LANE: "LA DOUANE," BY ANTONIO MANCINI.



IN THE DISPUTED BEQUEST SAID TO NEED AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT: "LOVE'S OFFSPRING," BY NARCISSE DIAZ.



IN THE COLLECTION CLAIMED BOTH BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND THE DUBLIN GALLERY: "HONORÉ DAUMIER," BY CHARLES DAUBIGNY.



LEFT FINALLY TO DUBLIN BY AN UNWITNESSED CODICIL: "THE BIRD CAGE," BY JACOB MARIS.

Sir Hugh Lane, the famous art dealer and patron, who was among the victims of the "Lusitania," is the subject of a biography (just published) by his aunt, Lady Gregory. He spent thousands on establishing the Dublin Art Gallery, but, provoked by what Mr. P. G. Konody calls "slanderous ingratitude in his own country," he made a new will leaving some forty foreign pictures, which he had previously bequeathed to Dublin, to the National Gallery in London. Later, he revoked this will by a codicil, which, however, was not witnessed, and cannot be legally enforced without a special Act of Parliament. The Secretary of the National Gallery is reported to have said that the pictures will be retained

at the Tate Gallery, where they now are, and that a new room is to be built there for a collection of modern French art, of which they will form the nucleus. The National Gallery, it was suggested, would not object to lend them to Dublin, but did not intend to part with them permanently. In that case, the promotion of a Bill to legalise the unwitnessed codicil would rest with the Dublin authorities. It was expected that a question would be asked in the House on the subject. Besides the pictures we illustrate, the collection includes works by Corot, Ingres, Monet, Degas, Gustave Courbet, Eugène Boudin, F. A. Renoir, Camille Pissarro, and Puvis de Chavannes.

THE HAUNTS OF LIFE:

IV.—“THE FRESH WATERS.”

By PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen University.

THE fresh waters do not occupy even a hundredth part of the earth's surface; but the haunt makes up for its small size by its great variety.

It includes the deep lake and the shallow pond (Figs. 5, 6, and 7, pond life), the brook and the river, the ditch and the swamp. A striking feature about the fresh-water animals is that they are often much the same in widely separated basins. This is partly because water-birds carry the same small animals on their feet from one lake to another; because the wind does the same, and because changes



FIG. 11.—THE COMMON EEL: STAGES IN ITS LIFE HISTORY.

A. The second stage, a transparent knife-blade-like form swimming near the surface of the open sea. B. The so-called "Glass Eel," with knife-blade body beginning to be cylindrical. C. The Elver, which ascends rivers and has now developed pigmentation.

of the earth's crust not only separate valleys, but bring them together again. But the most important reason is probably that the animals that colonised the fresh waters have, for the most part, come from the shore, and that only certain kinds of constitution could stand the change.

But why do we think that fresh-water animals came from the sea? May they not have begun to be where they are now? To this good question we cannot give a short answer, but part of the answer is this: Among the first animals to have bodies—namely, the Sponges—we find one family in fresh water, and all the rest—hundreds of different kinds—in the sea. That is a straw which shows how the wind blew. Among the Stinging Animals which come next in order—the sea-anemones and corals, the jelly-fishes and zoophytes—half-a-dozen live in fresh water, and thousands of different kinds in the sea. So in many other cases, and the home of the great majority is likely to be the original home of the race.

To understand the animal life of a lake we must picture the immense numbers of simple plants which float in the surface-waters. They often make the water like green soup; and there are often far more in a pitcher than we can see of stars on a frosty night. These minute plants are the chief *producers*; the animals are the *consumers*, though many of them devour their smaller neighbours, who thus rank also as *producers*. When an animal dies in the water, the Bacteria break down its body, through a stage of rotting, to salts and gases, which become sooner or later, often with the help of other bacteria, the food of green plants. Thus the Bacteria are the *middlemen*.

The experiment has been made of putting mud and manure in boxes round the edge of a fish-pond. Bacteria worked at the material and made it available for Infusorians. The Infusorians devoured what the Bacteria prepared, and some of them devoured the Bacteria too. A living cataract of Infusorians fell into the pond and formed the food of water-fleas or Copepods, and these again were eaten by fishes. If we believe that fish-food is good for the brain, we may trace the links of a chain between mud and clear thinking (Fig. 12).

The fresh-water haunt is a fine place for the study of the web of life: that is to say, the linkages that bind one living creature to another. The

mother fresh-water mussel keeps her young ones in the cradle of her outer gill-plate, and will not let them out until a minnow or some other fish comes swimming past in a leisurely way (Fig. 2). Then the pinhead-like larvae are liberated; they clap their tiny valves, they exude sticky threads, they fasten on to the minnow, and after undergoing a remarkable change, they drop off, to begin their independent life somewhere else. The two animals are linked together; and it is very remarkable that there should be a fresh-water fish, called the bitterling (*Rhodeus amarus*), that lays its eggs in the gill-chamber of the fresh-water mussel, where they go through their development (Fig. 3).

The pied-wagtail may be linked to successful sheep-farming, for it is fond of the little water-snail which harbours the juvenile stages of the parasitic worm called the liver-fluke, which causes fatal liver-rot in many sheep. If the decline of Greece was partly due to the introduction of malaria, we may link the decline to the mosquito which harbours and spreads the microscopic animal that causes malaria in man. And as there are certain little fishes that greedily devour the aquatic larvae of mosquitos, we may link little fishes to the decline of Greece.

Life in fresh-water haunts is beset with difficulties. Thus in many parts of the world there is the freezing of the water in winter, which may be fatal even to a resourceful animal like the otter. Some small water animals die off in winter, and only their

eggs live on, protected within hard envelopes. Others, like the fresh-water sponge, die away, but do not wholly die, for pinhead-like gemmules, protected within a sphere of capstan-like spicules of flint, are formed throughout the dying body, and start new sponges in the spring. Of great importance is a peculiar property of water. It has its maximum density—that is to say, is most closely packed together—at 4 degrees Centigrade; when it cools below this, towards freezing, it expands. Thus the water at the bottom of the pond rises to the surface as it cools below 4 degrees Centigrade, and forms at the surface a protective floating blanket of ice. For eighty-five days in the year the warmer water of the basin is at the bottom; the pool does not become solid ice;



FIG. 13.—A FATHER WHO CARRIES HIS FAMILY ON HIS HEAD: THE CURTUS.

The mature male Curtus carries his family about on top of his head until they are hatched. A double bunch of eggs is attached to the remarkable bony hook on the back of the skull.

of living when the mud was moistened again. The African mud-fish may remain for half the year in a hole in the mud, with a ventilating shaft rising to the surface and bringing in fresh air (Fig. 8). A fish out of water, indeed!

Another risk—in streams, especially—is that of being washed down to the sea, or carried out into a flood-bed and left high and dry. We can understand, therefore, why many fresh-water animals, such as brook-leeches and insect-larvae, have gripping organs which anchor them; and why some others, such as the fresh-water crayfish (Fig. 4), shorten down the juvenile stages when the risks of being washed away are greatest.

Some of the life-histories of fresh-water animals are remarkable (Figs. 1. Gnat; and 13. Curtus). The large sea-lampreys make a stone nest in the bed of the stream, so that the eggs are not washed away (Fig. 10); the young ones live as "niners" for four or five years in the river before they become full-grown and go down to the sea. This is an instance of prolonging youth; but the lampreys have suctorial mouths, and are very well able to look after themselves. The male stickleback makes a nest among the water-weed, and gets more than one mother-fish to visit it and leave eggs there. He then mounts guard, and drives off enemies much bigger than himself (Fig. 9). When the eggs are hatched and the tiny sticklebacks begin to move about, he has still his hands full—if one may say so—keeping them within bounds until they are ready.

Strangest of all is the life-story of the common eel (Figs. 11 and 14). The elvers come up the rivers in spring; each about the length of our first finger, and the thickness of a knitting needle. They form a crowded "eel-fare," usually keeping close to the banks, obeying an inborn impulse to go upstream. The impulse stops when clouds hide the sun, or when night falls. The elvers circumvent water-falls, swarming up the moss-covered rocks, or making a little détour on land. In the ponds and quiet reaches of the river they grow for four to eight years; as they become full-grown, a change comes over them. Their eyes become larger, their skin becomes more silvery, their blood changes, they become restless. They leave the quiet waters and swim excitedly by night down stream to the sea. The North Sea is not cold enough nor deep enough for them; they swim out to deep water in the Atlantic, where they spawn and die. The young ones are, for a while, open-sea animals, swimming near the surface by night, sinking by day; they are like transparent knife-blades (Fig. 11a), with no colour except in the eye. In their second year they become shorter and lighter, with a cylindrical body, and are known as "glass-eels" (Fig. 11b). They migrate shorewards, often journeying over a thousand miles, and there become the elvers with which we began (Fig. 11c). There can be little doubt that the common eel is a deep-water marine fish which has gradually taken to exploring the fresh waters, just as the salmon is a fresh-water fish which, in most cases, learned to make very profitable excursions to the sea.

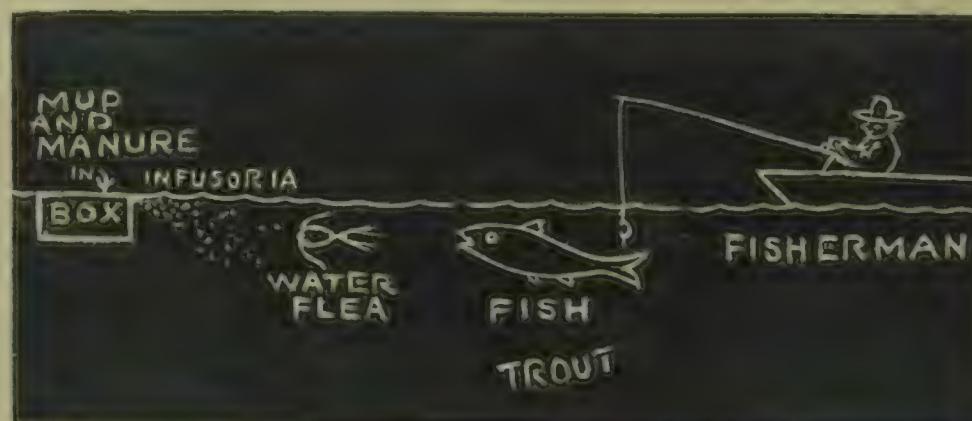


FIG. 12.—“THE LINKS OF A CHAIN BETWEEN MUD AND CLEAR THINKING”: PROFESSOR THOMSON'S BLACKBOARD DRAWING TO ILLUSTRATE A PASSAGE IN HIS LECTURE.

the fresh-water animals are able to continue; and from this many consequences flow.

In warmer countries the great danger is drought, and many fresh-water animals have learned to lie low in a state of latent life. Some small crustaceans have been known to lie for forty-six years in dried mud, without giving up the power



FIG. 14.—THE EEL'S RECORD OF ITS AGE: RINGS FORMED IN SUCCESSIVE YEARS.

The successive rings indicate the growth of successive years, and thus the age can be read.

HAUNTS OF LIFE: THE "DIM WATER-WORLD" OF LAKE AND RIVER.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, IN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS LECTURES.



IV.—THE FRESH WATERS: CREATURES DESCRIBED IN PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON'S FOURTH LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

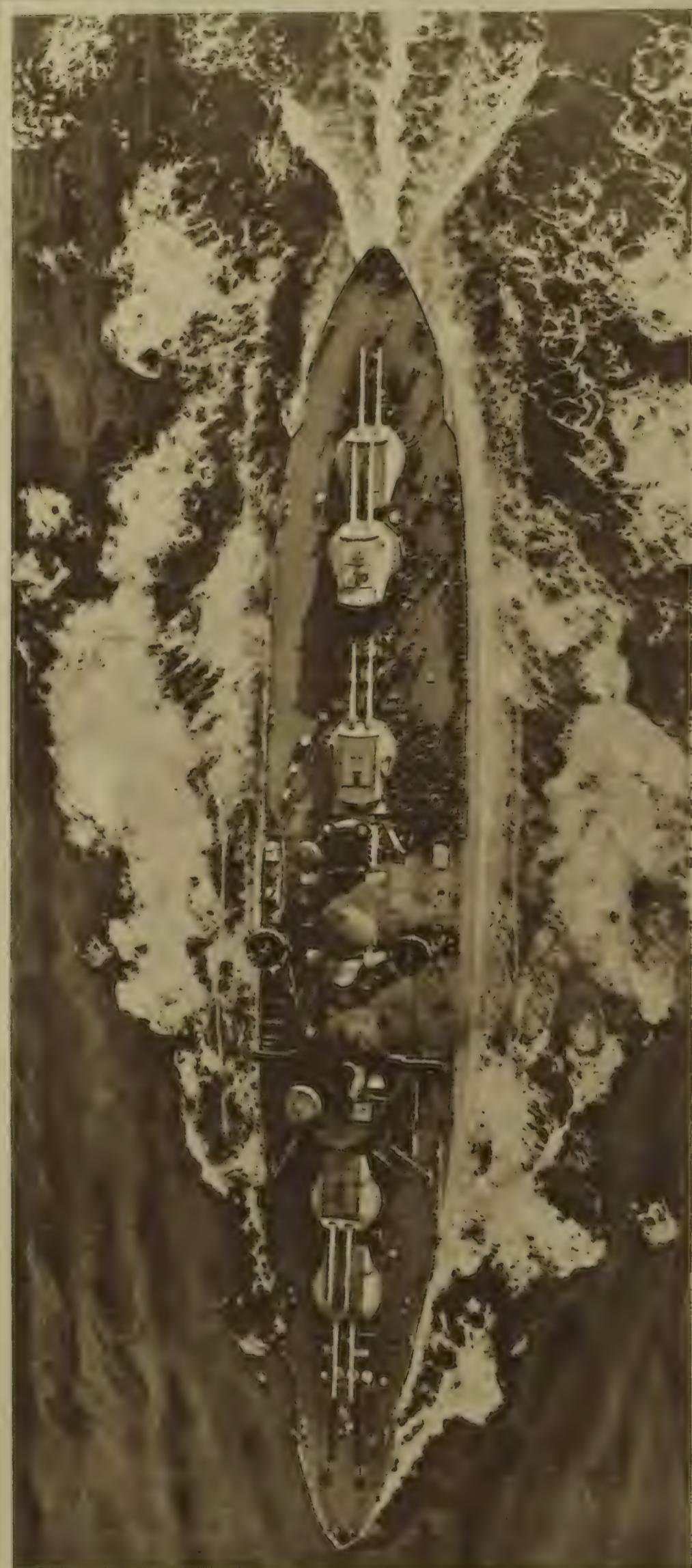
Having dealt, in the abridgments of his previous lectures given in our issues of February 26, March 5 and 12, with the life of the shore, the open sea, and the great deeps, Professor Thomson now turns to the fresh-water life of rivers and brooks, lakes and ponds, swamps and ditches. Fresh-water creatures, he explains, originally came from the sea, and some of them, like the eel and the salmon, still spend part of their time in the ocean. The eel, he says, is "a deep-water

marine fish which has taken to exploring the fresh waters." Life in fresh water is made difficult by changes of temperature, and in hot countries by drought, and we learn with amazement that some small crustaceans have remained alive for forty-six years in dried mud! The African mud-fish (Fig. 8) is one of those which thus lie dormant. The water having dried up, it is breathing meantime with lungs instead of gills.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE BATTLE-SHIP AS AN AEROPLANE'S TARGET: AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. MULLER, JUNIOR, NEW YORK.

"IS the modern capital ship," asks the "Times," "likely to be in serious danger if bombed by squadrons of aeroplanes? Clearly the answer to this question has an important bearing on the building of new great ships for the navies of to-day. In the United States the view that the aeroplane can inflict heavy damage on battleships by bombing attacks from the air has been strongly maintained by Brigadier-General William Mitchell, who was in command of all the American Air Forces in the American Expeditionary Force during the war. He gave evidence on the point before the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives, basing his arguments largely upon tests which are made every day in practice by American Air Service men. A blue print diagram of 251 bombs dropped from 6000 ft. upon a target the size of a modern battleship shows, he says, 55 direct hits, 50 within the danger zone, or a total of 41.8 per cent. of destructive hits. The evidence of General Mitchell is quoted by the 'New York Herald': 'In many instances aviators have made 80 per cent. of hits at 10,000 ft.' Air attacks at sea would not, of course, be carried out by single aeroplanes. In attacking a target from a height of 12,000 ft. or 15,000 ft., a bombardment of three groups, each containing about 100 'planes, would be used. These bombing 'planes would be protected by pursuit, or light, swift fighting 'planes. Each squadron would have one observer who directs the squadron on the target. When he throws his bombs, all the others throw theirs, each squadron dropping several tons. It has been said that the British Government, when deciding to abandon airships

(Continued opposite.)

Cont. next p.
for use with the Navy, pinned their faith to aeroplane carriers. On this point General Mitchell's evidence before the Appropriations Committee, as summarised by the 'New York Herald,' is interesting: 'He would have "floating aerodromes"—swift aircraft carriers capable of making greater speed than the swiftest destroyer or battle cruiser, and with a capacity of 100 or more 'planes.' He argues that the effect of movement of a battleship is practically negligible where collective bombing is concerned,' because 'there is nothing on the ground or water that can move more than one-fifth as fast as an airplane.' Gen. Mitchell's evidence was not directed to convince the Appropriations Committee that the moment had yet come for substituting defence by air for defence upon the water; nor did he argue that the building programme of the United States for battle-cruisers and battle-ships should be abandoned. But he did insist 'that the indications are that with proper development air weapons can be so improved as to make naval weapons of secondary importance. General Mitchell's belief seems not to have made much impression upon Mr. Daniels, Secretary for the United States Navy in the Democratic Administration which has just left office. 'We are not taking General Mitchell's advice very seriously in the Navy,' he said, and added, when asked whether he would be willing to remain aboard a battle-ship while General Mitchell bombed it: 'If General Mitchell doesn't handle bombs any more accurately than he handles facts, I should be perfectly willing to let him bomb me all day long.'"

IS THE CAPITAL SHIP OBSOLETE THROUGH AIRCRAFT MENACE?—A BATTLE-SHIP SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.

We quote above, from the "Times," an interesting account of bomb-dropping experiments, recently conducted by the United States Air Force, with a target similar in size to a battle-ship. Out of 251 bombs dropped from 6000 feet,

55 direct hits were obtained. The result might be different under war conditions, but it is of importance in considering the question whether the capital ship as we now know it will be rendered obsolete through the development of aircraft.

TWO CENTURIES OLD AND STILL DELIGHTFUL: "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."

FROM A PAINTING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

THE PLAY THAT "MADE GAY RICH AND RICH GAY": "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH—
A SCENE ILLUSTRATED IN A WELL-KNOWN HOGARTH PICTURE.

That genius is independent of date is proved by the wonderful success of Mr. Nigel Playfair's revival, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, of that eighteenth-century masterpiece, "The Beggar's Opera," by John Gay. It was first produced in London by John Rich, at his theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, some two hundred years ago, and was afterwards toured throughout the British Isles. Its triumph was said to have "made Gay rich and Rich gay." As a satire on Society it proved immensely popular, and its wit and charm have survived the centuries,

along with the old tunes, now arranged in new settings, with additional music, by Mr. Frederic Austin. Our illustration shows the scene in Newgate (Act III, Scene ii.), where Polly Peachum and Lucy Lockit intercede for Macheath. The figures are, as in Hogarth's picture reproduced in our issue of February 19 (left to right): Lockit (Mr. Tristan Rawson), Lucy Lockit (Miss Violet Marquesita), Macheath (Mr. Frederick Ranalow), Polly Peachum (Miss Katherine Arkandy), and Peachum (Mr. Frederic Austin).—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

TO BE SUCCEEDED BY FLYING SHIPS OR SUBMERSIBLES? BATTLE-SHIPS THAT MAY BECOME OBSOLETE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



WHAT WILL BE THE CAPITAL SHIP OF THE FUTURE? BRITISH BATTLE-SHIPS—THE "IRON DUKE," "EMPEROR OF INDIA," "BENBOW," AND "MARLBOROUGH."

The question of the utility and future development of the capital ship has been exercising the minds of naval experts ever since the war. Sir Percy Scott and his school think that the day of the battle-ship, as it exists at present, is over. The opposing school regard it as madness to trust entirely to submarines and aircraft to defend the Empire. The balance between these two opinions was struck by Sir James Thurnfield, who wrote: "We cannot afford to scrap the capital ship until we have provided in its place some alternative type—whether submersible ship or flying ship—which is equally qualified to be . . . the capital ship of the future. . . . But these developments are still . . . untried in war. . . . The very narrow escape of 'R 34' from fatal disaster, following closely on the awful disaster of 'K 5,' should give us all very seriously to think on this most vital topic. . . . The whole nation and the whole Empire are face to face with

a momentous crisis in the evolution of our naval policy." The problem has been referred by the Cabinet to a sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence. Meanwhile the building of further capital ships, since the "Hood," has been discontinued. On the other hand, the United States and Japan are both proceeding with large programmes of battle-ship construction. At the same time the head of the American Air Force during the war, Brig.-Gen. Mitchell, maintains that battle-ships may suffer heavy damage from bomb-dropping aeroplanes. Recent tests with a target representing a battle-ship resulted in 41 per cent. of destructive hits at 6000 ft. Mr. Norman Wilkinson points out that since his painting was done changes have been made in the types of ships represented, topmasts, for instance, being now cut short. The four battle-ships shown are in the above order of names, from left to right.—(Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.)

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No. III.—THE SACRED MILK CEREMONIES OF BUNYORO.

By the Rev. JOHN ROSCOE.

THE subjects of the King of Bunyoro regarded him as a divine being; not only was his person sacrosanct, but also his food. He was expected to bestow his blessing and thereby increase the people and the cattle; he was also expected to preserve them from all evils and to provide them with the necessities of life.

Because he was so sacred it was considered that his food should differ from that of ordinary people; and, as it consisted mainly of milk, a special



LIABLE TO BE STRANGLED IF HE FELL ILL, OR CUT HIMSELF: A "HERALD" BRINGING THE SACRED COWS TO BE MILKED.

herd of cows was provided to supply this. The cows chosen were set apart from the herds of other people and from those belonging to the king for his household use. A particular name was given to this herd, and the men chosen to keep them were taken from special families. The herd was large, and as the cows belonging to it roamed about in distant parts of the country according to the needs of pasture, it was necessary that a number should be kept near the royal residence for the king's daily use. Nine were selected for this purpose, and each morning and evening they were brought before the throne-room to be milked. The men who herded the cows were not permitted to milk them, nor did they come with them into the royal enclosure. A boy called the "herald" brought the animals to be milked. In the early morning the cows came from their kraal, which was near, to be

milked before they were taken to the pastures. They were brought in through a private entrance and stood before the throne-room. Again, in the evening, at about four o'clock, the "herald," accompanied by a few companions, sallied forth to bring the cows. This "herald" was chosen from a particular clan, and his person was sacrosanct; moreover, he had to be careful where he went, and what he did, lest by sympathetic magic he should injure the king. If he should fall sick, and be considered in a dangerous condition, he was strangled, because his illness might cause the king ill-health; and, again, should he cut himself and cause blood to flow, this also was considered dangerous to the king. When he went for the cows, he did not go far; they were brought into the vicinity to await him, and were driven to him on his approach. He then walked in front of the cows, while his companions followed driving them. At intervals he uttered a cry to warn people from the path, whereupon men and women fled into the grass or side-paths and covered their faces while the cows passed. When he reached the royal enclosure, there were two chosen milkmen who came forward to take the cows and milk them. A carpet of fresh grass was now laid in front of the throne-room, and the "herald" brought a calf of the animal to be first milked, and allowed it to suck a little; he then drew it back and held it in front of its dam, while the milking proceeded. In the meantime two milkmaids appeared, one of them bearing a horn of water and a brush with a short handle, the second carrying a milk-pot. Each of these women was purified and decorated, having the face, chest, and front of the arms whitened with pipe-clay. The milkmaid handed the brush to a milkman, who rubbed the cow's udder, and handed it back to the maid. He then took his place behind the cow and held its tail, so that it could not whisk dust into the milk during the milking. The maid now turned to the other man and poured a little water over his hands, as he squatted by the side of the cow. After washing, the man held his hands together raised, until the other milkmaid placed the milk pot between his knees, when he milked the amount the cow was expected to give. Neither of these men must look at the women or speak to them, on the pain of death. In this manner two cows were milked, and the milk was carried away into the dairy.

When these cows were milked, and the milk deposited in the dairy, another milkmaid, who was ceremonially cleansed like the other two, came and knelt before the king and announced

that the milk had arrived. The king then rose, and, as he did so, the guard at the door announced to the court that the king had gone to drink milk; whereupon men and women knelt down, covered their faces, and refrained from coughing or making any sound, especially from clearing their throat; such an action was punishable by death. When the king returned from the dairy, the guard notified the

people, who then rose and went about their duties. The other cows were then milked; their milk was used either to make butter for



SET READY FOR THE KING'S USE: A ROYAL MILK-POT, FOR THE SACRED MILK, IN ITS BASKET.

anointing the king's body, or as a gift to favourite princesses or wives.

A similar custom was observed each afternoon, when the king took his meal of beef. A cook, who was purified, and had his face, chest, and arms whitened, came at the sound of the royal drums with the food. The king was told by



TO HOLD THE SACRED MILK, BROUGHT TO THE KING TWICE A DAY WITH ELABORATE CEREMONY: ROYAL MILK-POTS.

his guard when the time arrived for different duties to be performed during the day; so, about four o'clock in the afternoon, he struck a blow on each of nine drums which hung round the throne-room to announce the time for the meal. The cook, who had the meal prepared in a hut situated near the enclosure, started out, walked round the enclosure, and entered by the private gate through which the cows pass for milking. A boy carried a pot containing the meat, and a second boy carried a basket of other food. The beef was from an animal of the sacred herd, which must be a yearling. The meat was cooked and cut into small pieces ready for eating. When the cook arrived he entered the throne-room and knelt before the king, while the boy placed the pot before him and retired. The cook held a two-pronged fork, which he dipped into the pot, brought up a piece of meat, and put it into the king's mouth; four times he did this, and, should he by accident touch the king's teeth with the metal, he was put to death on the spot. During this meal the people within the enclosure knelt silent, and covered their faces until the king had finished, when they might rise and return to their own affairs. The meat in the basket was given to the king's favourite pages. The four pieces of meat were all the solid food he was supposed to eat. Owing to the stringent rules for the milkmaids and cowmen, their office was held for two days only at a time.



HOLDING THE COW'S TAIL LEST IT WHISK DUST INTO THE MILK: ONE MILKMAN ON DUTY READY FOR ANOTHER TO MILK THE COW.

Photographs by the Rev. John Roscoe.

DAIRYING AS COURT RITUAL: PIPE-CLAYED BUNYORO MILKMAIDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE REV. JOHN ROSCOE.



A LESSON IN CLEAN DAIRYWORK FROM UGANDA: A BUNYORO ROYAL MILKMAID HOLDING A BRUSH FOR THE MILKMAN TO CLEANSE THE UDDER OF A SACRED COW.



WHITENED WITH PIPE-CLAY: ROYAL MILKMAIDS WITH THE KING OF BUNYORO, ONE HOLDING A WATER-HORN, ANOTHER A BRUSH FOR CLEANSING THE COW'S UDDER.

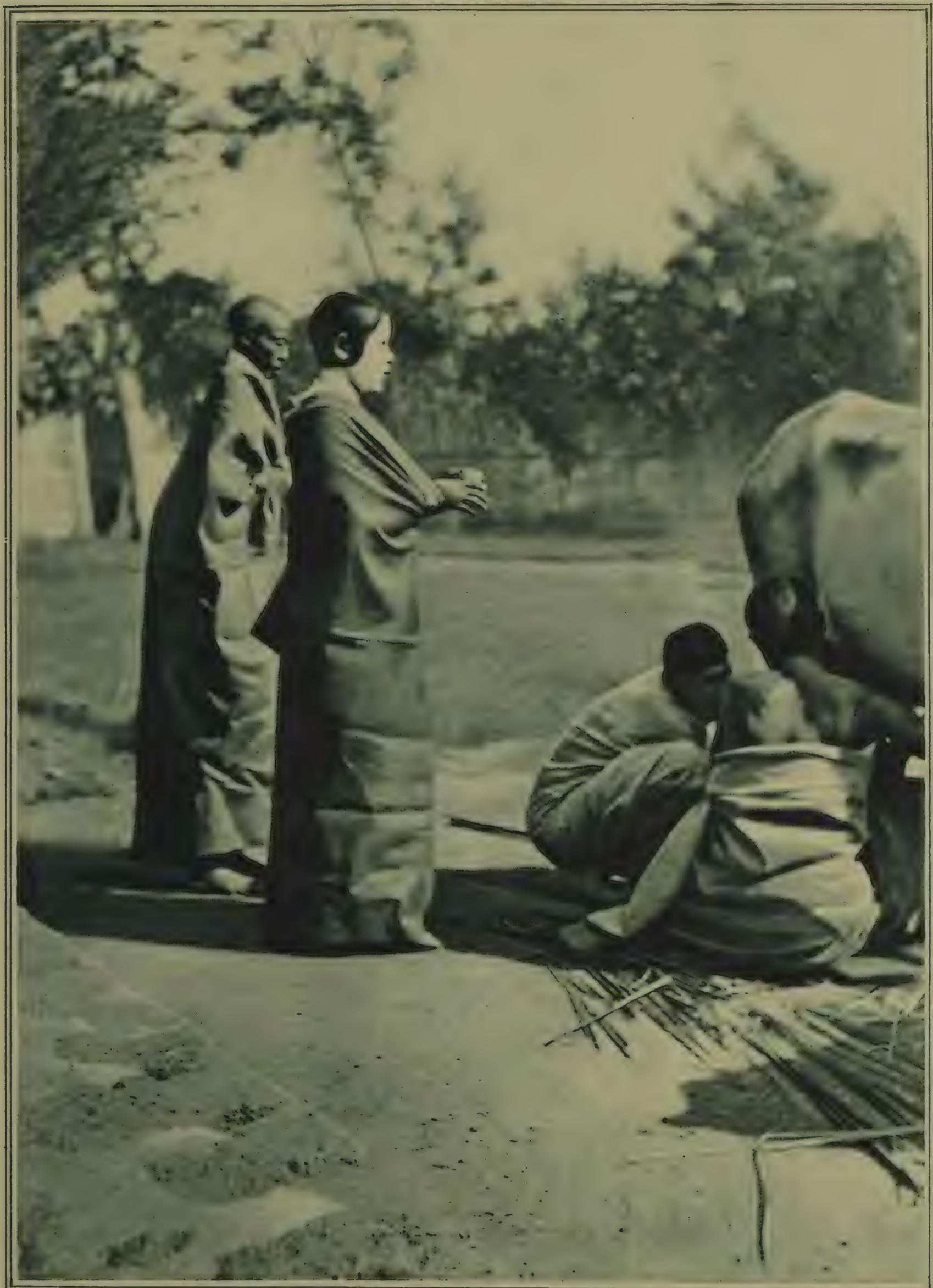
The remarkable and elaborate ceremonies formerly observed in Bunyoro, Uganda, in milking the sacred cows for the king, and serving him with the milk, are described in an article on a previous page by the Rev. John Roscoe, leader of the Mackie Ethnological Expedition to Central Africa, whose descriptions of the New Moon and "Coronation" ceremonies of Bunyoro appeared in our issues of March 5 and 12. After the sacred cows had been led to the royal abode by a

herald (as illustrated on the article page), "two milkmaids appeared, one bearing a horn of water and a brush; with a short handle, the second carrying a milk-pot. Each of these women was purified and decorated, having the face, chest, and front of the arms whitened with pipe-clay. The milkmaid handed the brush to a milkman, who rubbed the cow's udder, and handed it back to the maid. He then took his place behind the cow and held its tail (as illustrated on the previous

[Continued opposite.]

WHERE "GOING A-MILKING" WAS PERILOUS: BUNYORO SACRED RITES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE REV. JOHN ROSCOE.



"NEITHER OF THESE MEN MUST LOOK AT THE WOMEN, NOR SPEAK TO THEM, ON PAIN OF DEATH":
BUNYORO MILKMAIDS IN ATTENDANCE AT THE MILKING OF A SACRED COW FOR THE KING.

Continued.

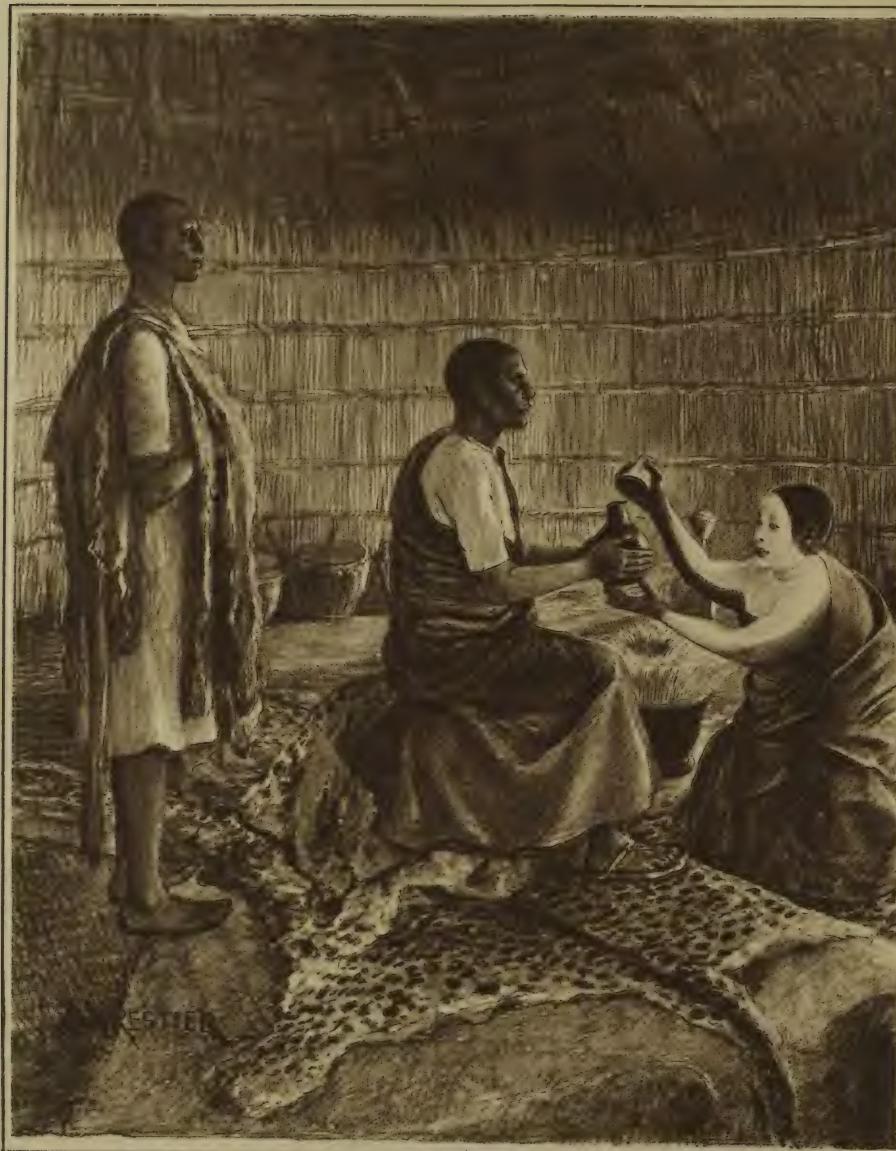
(page), so that it could not whisk dust into the milk during the milking. The maid now turned to the other man, and poured a little water over his hands, as he squatted by the side of the cow. After washing, the man held his hands together raised, until the other milkmaid placed the milk-pot between his knees, when he milked the amount the cow was expected to give. Neither of these men must look at the women or speak to them, on pain of death. In this

manner two cows were milked, and the milk was carried away into the dairy." Thus the terms "milkmaid" and "milkman," as applied to the royal rites of Bunyoro, had a meaning the reverse of the usual, for men milked the cows and women delivered the milk to the king. We feel the absence of the light-hearted spirit we are accustomed to associate with "going a-milking," for any little mistake in the ritual might mean death to the delinquent.

READY TO INFILCT DEATH FOR ERRORS OF DETAIL: A KING OF BUNYORO RECEIVING HIS SACRED MILK.

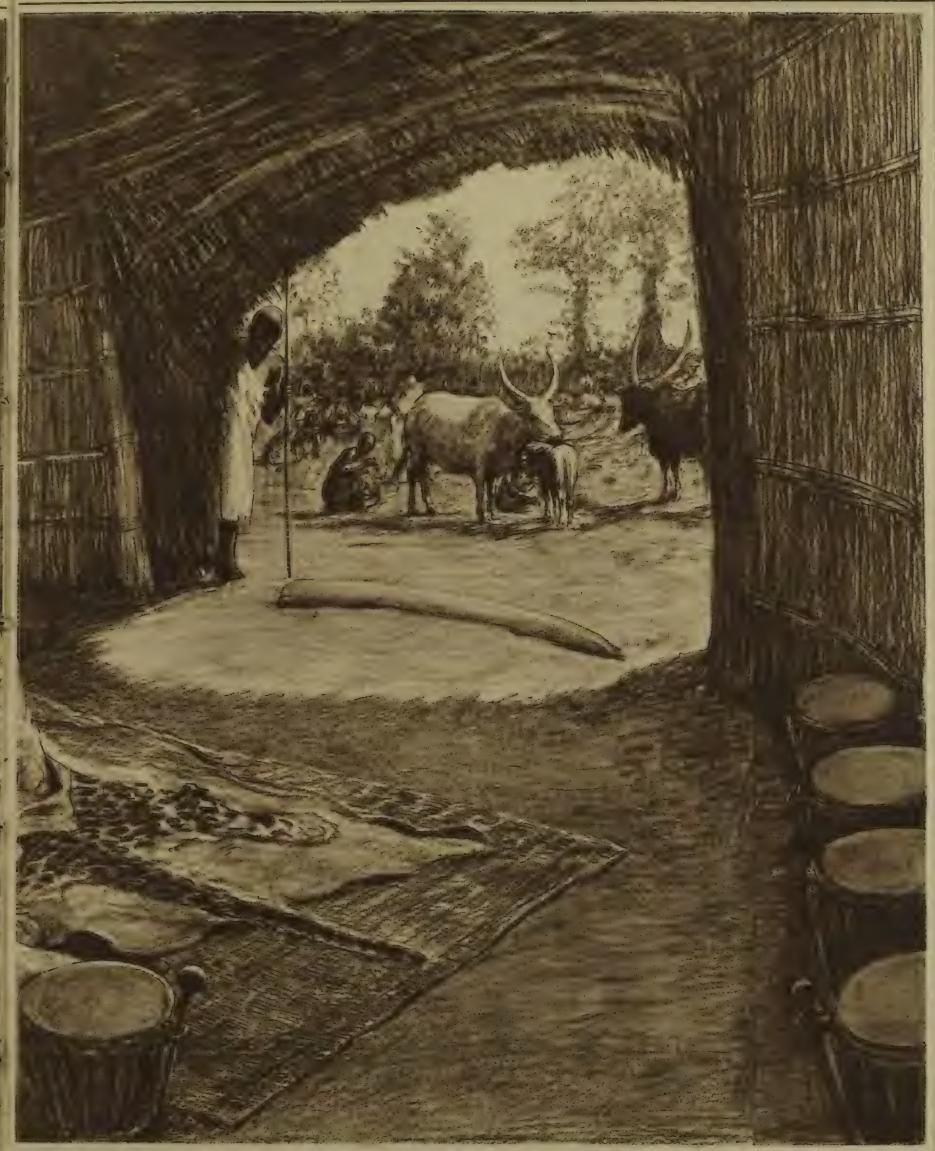
DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL

SUPPLIED BY THE REV. JOHN ROSCOE.



WHERE ONE GLANCE AT THE KING MEANT INSTANTANEOUS DEATH: A YOUTH STANDS BEHIND HIM

This part of the old-time ceremonies formerly observed in Bunyoro in connection with the king's sacred milk is described by the Rev. John Roscoe in his article on a previous page. The king is seen seated on his throne in the throne room, and is about to drink off a pot of milk offered to him by a kneeling milkmaid. She uncovers the sacred pot which she has taken from a vessel (on her right) filled with long grass, wherein the milk-pot is placed to keep its natural warmth. On this vessel is fixed a small stand bearing a sponge used to wipe the king's mouth before and after drinking. The milkmaid does not look at the king, nor the king at the milkmaid. The latter shows the extraordinary adipose development due to an exclusive milk diet. Her face, neck, chest, and the front part of her arms are whitened, and she is clad in soft and beautifully prepared skins. Her hair is natural hair, although at first, owing to the way in which her face and neck are painted, one might imagine it to be a wig of black hair in the



BUNYORO MILKMAID HANDING HIS MAJESTY THE SACRED MILK, WHILE CONCEALING A LARGE KNIFE.

early Victorian style. Behind the king, on a dais raised only slightly above the floor of the hut (about 15 inches), and covered with splendid lion and leopard skins, stands a youth who is always present near the king, and accompanies him everywhere. He bears a lion skin on his shoulder, but concealed beneath he holds a large and sharp blade, ready to hand it over to his master should the latter stretch his hand out for it, to punish by immediate death the person who should disobey or not observe the very detailed etiquette of the ceremony. At the door, one of the guards is just peeping in to announce to the court assembled in the royal enclosure that the king is drinking. At this news all must kneel and cover their eyes, until the guard says, "The king has finished drinking." Outside are seen the sacred cows. Inside the royal hut are drums tied to the wall, and one at either side of the dais. When needing help, the king struck these drums in turn, always ending with that on his right.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

I FEAR that the brilliant pen of Mr. Harold Terry has been spluttering a little during his quest of a solution to the knotty problem of "The Fulfilling of the Law." For two acts we enjoyed pure comedy, with a little jarring dash of vehemence on the part of the heroine when she attempted to knife the man she was destined to love, in exchange for his untoward embrace. But that was only a moment's aberration, for the tale was fascinating, the dialogue scintillant with a peculiar brightness of humour, and we hoped that the vacillating character of a very wobbly hero would develop into virility and decision. That, however, did not happen: in the third act the comedy strayed perilously near to problem-play seriousness. Somehow, I think, Mr. Terry did not end his play as he intended. This time the game of "General Post" was not so dexterously handled as in the famous comedy which brought Harold Terry deserved fame and fortune.

But I would not linger on the play, because the chief interest was one of its impersonations. Of course, we had both the delightful acting of Mr. Arthur Wontner, with his distinguished style, and the adorable accents of Miss Mary Rorke, who—let me be prophetic—in the right motherly part, will carry London by storm of tenderness; but the unexpected came from Miss Constance Collier. She was the woman who, by the words of her husband, we should dislike as an unwise, unmotherly, unfeeling creature, but who wound herself around our heart-strings by smiles of witching charm, by an *enfant-terrible* insouciance that was irresistible, by an unobtrusive study of all that femininity means in wile and guile and seductiveness, which revealed the comédienne in an artist hitherto considered as an actress of much heavier calibre. The American stage, which by its methods may prove to our players a destroyer or a master-builder, has done wonders for Miss Collier. It has shorn her of self-consciousness, of an inclination to be ponderous, of a kind of inexpressible handicap, which stood in her way; she has come back a bird of freedom, gaily fluttering in lightness of feather, revelling in her part in natural glee, toying with her dialogue as if she enjoyed the fling of every line; smiling benignly, divinely, on all and sundry around her of whose conquest she is less certain, of whose doubts she made light. A charming impersonation, in fine, of exquisite art, which should mean a long line of fresh woods and pastures new in her London career.

Strange to observe how the merry-go-round of the London theatre changes in an incredibly short time. When recently I took my 'busman's holiday' in France, whence I gave our readers some impressions of things seen, I left the London stage in a most rosy condition. There was a rare array of good plays—so many as to make Paris blush with envy and apprehension. Full houses were the order of the day. What a débâcle these last four weeks!—eclipses of time-honoured runs, short runs of still-born plays, general depreciation of quality—of the plays, not the acting—on two occasions the

"bird," that *rara avis* in the gallery and pit, uttering ominous sounds on the first night. Whence this reaction? For one thing, we both—public and critics—have awakened. We have recognised that there has been too much consideration and concession to judgment ever since the war. For another, money is tight, and the man who pays for his seat no longer says "Give me anything"; he wants something of value for his coin. At length the playgoer has grown tired of stories that harp on the same overtired string—marital infidelity.

"Right to Strike," "The Skin Game," "A Grain of Mustard Seed"—above all, the cheering cup of comedy.

As Miss Sara Allgood, the renowned Irish actress, recalls in her appeal for the Abbey Theatre of Dublin, it was from there that the repertory movement began, flourished, and endowed our drama with priceless gems of dramatic art. So there is no need on my part to add exhortation to the words of one who was one of the standard-bearers, and who, in "The White-Headed Boy," so splendidly upholds the tradition of the grand work of the Abbey Theatre. This is what she says—

"The Abbey Theatre is at the present moment in very low water, owing to the terrible state of affairs in Dublin, and in Ireland generally, and Lady Gregory is afraid that the theatre may have to close definitely, unless they get help. So, as most of the first members of the first Repertory Theatre in the Kingdom are playing at present in 'The White-Headed Boy,' we are doing our best to help this splendid movement by giving a matinée of three of the one-act plays representing the first three authors. We propose giving this matinée on Wednesday, March 23. Captain Harwood has very splendidly given us the use of the Ambassadors Theatre free of charge. We now ask the support of the public, and I feel certain we have many friends and admirers who will very gladly help us to keep alive the Abbey Theatre. The plays we propose doing are: 'Cathleen ni Houlihan,' by W. B. Yeats; 'Shadow of the Glen,' by

J. M. Synge; and 'Spreading the News,' by Lady Gregory. Please give our matinée all the publicity you can, and accept my grateful thanks. Yours sincerely,

SARA ALLGOOD."

George Robey is the darling of the gods, the mortals, and—the critics. We love him for the gift of countless hours of mirth, for what he has done for the country: to praise him is our joy and his due. But this time he has not overrated—that were an unkind word—he has mis-calculated his sustaining power. Not that he has

tried to give us a one-man show, for in truth Jack Waller, with his delightful musical skits on oratorios and trios, runs him close in space and opportunities, and others are equally well provided with a "chance." Still, he was the head of the firm which bears his name; he was the cynosure, the pivot, the cornerstone of the entertainment at the Alhambra, and for once he seemed out of his element. He seemed strangely nervous and halting; he seemed to dig for jest, instead of collecting it like manna; he had few songs—and those of no importance. And as the whole scheme of the kaleidoscopic entertainment was, for the Alhambra, small, modest, thinly peopled, and archaic of display, we experienced exactly the same impression as when Pelissier, years ago at the same theatre, tried to turn his kite into a Zepp. There is much delightful stuff



A STAGE TABLEAU REPRESENTING THE LID OF A SNUFF-BOX: A SCENE AT THE CHAUVE-SOURIS (BAT), A NEW RUSSIAN THEATRE IN PARIS.

Paris is much interested in M. Nikita Balieff's new Russian theatre known as the Chauve-Souris (The Bat), originally started in Moscow as a night club for players at the Art Theatre, and transferred to Paris after the Russian Revolution. The stage is draped in black velvet, in which are framed various tableaux. Some represent lids of snuff-boxes, old photograph-albums, and so on.

Photograph by Delphi.

Not that the plays bore him, but they irritate a community which is well aware of the unpleasant aftermath of the war—unfortunate marriages galore contracted in the seventh heaven of vain illusions, and now clamouring at the besieged gates of the Divorce Court. It is, after all, a very human feature to resent the rubbing of salt into wounds, and it is therefore unwise to load the theatre with plays which insist on a sore and unedifying phase in our midst. What we want in the theatre in these days of painful remembrance and hopeful reconstruction is



IN THE CAST OF "THE BILL OF DIVORCEMENT," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S, POSTPONED THROUGH HER ILLNESS: MISS MEGGIE ALBANESI. MR. NORMAN MCKINNELL'S LEADING LADY IN "THE NINTH EARL," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE: MISS JESSIE WINTER.

The production of "The Bill of Divorce," at the St. Martin's, was postponed to March 14 owing to the illness of Miss Meggie Albanesi, who was cast for an important part. Miss Jessie Winter plays heroine to Mr. Norman McKinnell's released convict peer in "The Ninth Earl," with which he has begun management at the Comedy Theatre.

Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot and Dorothy Wilding.

romance and tonic stuff, including melodrama; next, a sound handling of the loftier problems of the period—plays of the character of "The

and flavour in the "Casserole," but there is too little breast, and too much bone, too little sauce, to make it a complete relish.



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LADIES' NEWS.

OXFORD gave the Queen a great welcome last week when her Majesty went to take her degree as D.C.L. The first lady in the land was the first woman to receive it. Naturally, the women's colleges at Oxford were delighted at the Queen's visit and at her Majesty's taking the degree, for the other great University has refused to grant any to our sex. Although these great and venerable seats of learning are in accord, even they are not above a little friendly rivalry, so Oxford exceedingly rejoiced in the visit of the Queen and its purpose.

There were a great many ladies of light and leading at the Duchess of Somerset's sale at her house last week. Princess Helena Victoria was purchasing. Olga Lady Egerton, by birth a Russian, was busy for the Russian refugees, and very keen about a *The Dansant* for them this week at Chesterfield House, lent by Viscount Lascelles. The Vicomtesse de la Panouse, who was at the head of the French Red Cross here all through the war, was selling. The Marquise Medici, in brown, looked very handsome and elegant; so did the Comtesse du Halqouet, Mme. Thierry, and the Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld—all delightfully French to buy from and to look at. Nor were our own ladies at all behind in attractiveness. Priscilla Lady Annesley, always decorative, wore a dark sable brown ostrich-plumed hat, with a long silk coat having bands of the now inevitable ciré satin. Tall and fair and handsome, Mrs. Coningsby Disraeli reminded one of another conference than that from which the Germans retired last week, at which her husband's uncle, the great "Dizzy," was a central figure. Lady Inglefield was doing good business with Anglo-Belgian lace. Lady Clanwilliam, tall and elegant, had her daughter, Miss Gwendolen Howard, with her. Lady Clanwilliam has one boy and two girls of her second marriage, and a boy also by her first, Mr. Hubert Howard, who is heir-presumptive to his cousin the Earl of Carlisle, whose only child is a daughter born about eighteen months ago.

Our recent weather has been doing all it can to encourage our incorrigible meteorological optimism, which is a dangerous thing to cultivate in our capricious climate. An American visitor said that all the world knows it usually rains in Great Britain, and that only the Britishers ignore that fact. We are improving, the reason being the style and cut and comfort of Dexter weatherproofs, especially those made of feather-woven Dexter cloth. It keeps out rain and wind, and is yet light and always smart. There is a distinct improvement in our weather

caution, as was seen by the number of Dexters at the Grand Military last week. Soldier men and women know what's what!

Dust is one of our greatest modern nuisances. There was never any real significance in the old saw



AN AFTERNOON DRESS.

In order that the white front of this black-and-white Canton crêpe dress should not look too startling, it is embroidered in jet. A large picture hat is worn with it.—[Photograph by Crown Inc., Paris.]

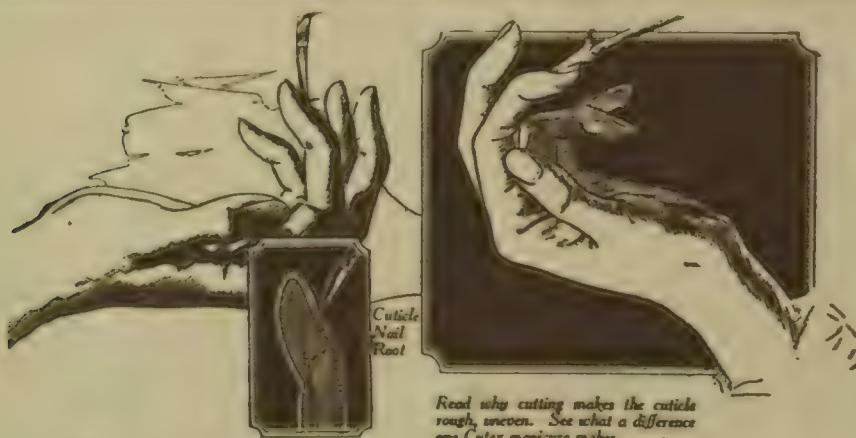
that "March dust was worth a guinea an ounce," only in so far as it meant dry weather. The deadliest enemy to malignant, microbe-haunted, drapery-destroying, carpet-clogging dust is the "Hoover." It is an absolutely efficient suction sweeper, and it costs less to own one of these than to be without one,

because it saves cleaning and renovating bills. It can be switched on to any electric-light plug, and it costs about one penny an hour to work. It beats and cleans as it sweeps. There is no need to dust everything in a room swept by a "Hoover," for it makes no dust. Everyone knows, after a room is swept in the old-world way, the curtains have to be shaken, and everything has to be dusted. When all this dusting has been done, there is still a lot of dust about. Not so with the "Hoover"; it gobbles it all up, and delivers it only to be burnt. Once a house-mother has seen a "Hoover" at work, she will not be happy until she has one. The "Hoover" headquarters are at 288-92, Regent Street, from where an interesting booklet on the easy "Hoover" way of keeping the house clean will be sent to anyone applying.

Among the new fabrics that we are examining with a view to the coming season, few intrigue me so much as one introduced by the famous firm of Liberty and Co. They are made from artificial silk and wool and also from artificial silk and pure silk, and they are wonderfully lustrous and effective, and the colours are those for which Liberty's are far-famed. The name of these most fascinating fabrics is "Sungleam," and they are as beautiful as their name, and will make very lovely day and evening dresses and cloaks, and this is going to be a cloak season. "Sungleam" can be seen at East India House, 220, Regent Street, and patterns can always be obtained by writing a post-card.

The thing that makes a room is its carpet. Every home is being brightened up at this season, so it is real good news that at so celebrated a house as Treloar and Sons, 68-70, Ludgate Hill, there is a reduction in price of fine British Wilton, Axminster, and other of our own makes of carpets. They have also large shipments of Indian and Turkey carpets. There is a stock of all sizes, patterns, colours and textures at this famous carpet shop, and the prices are most moderate. Treloar's are, of course, the world's specialists in economical floor coverings.—A. E. L.

For the Easter Holidays, the London Brighton and South Coast Railway have arranged a period excursion on March 24 to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, leaving Victoria 2.55 p.m., the return fares ranging from 15s. to 22s. 6d. according to distance travelled. The return journey must be made by certain specified trains on Easter Monday evening. Day excursions will be run to Brighton on Good Friday, Easter Sunday and Monday, and to Hove, Worthing, Littlehampton and Bognor on Easter Monday. Excursions to Dieppe on March 24, 25 and 26 have also been arranged.



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DO you realise that the only thing that protects the delicate nail root is barely a twelfth-inch of skin? That is why you should not cut it.

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263

WATCH YOUR HAIR GROW YOUNGER!

NOTICE TO GREY-HAIRED MEN AND WOMEN.

FREE DISTRIBUTION OF 1,000,000 "ASTOL" OUTFITS.

Discovery that Restores Lost Natural Colour to Hair that is Grey or Faded.

THE above Gift is yours to-day merely for the asking. It is a valuable "Back - to - Youth" present for all who are grey-haired already or just beginning to go grey. It makes you look years younger and enhances your prospects of success in all walks of life.

Although a comparatively new discovery, "Astol" is already known to, and has been used by, thousands of grey-haired people with great success. Its immediate success is due to various causes.

1. "Astol" is the discovery of the well-known London hair specialist who introduced the now world-famed "Harlene Hair-Drill," in itself a powerful recommendation and guarantee.

2. It is neither a dye nor a stain, both of which are rightly held in abhorrence by every man and woman of refined and sensitive temperament. Dyes and stains are messy and ineffective, and their use is easily detected.

3. It does not merely paint the hair shaft. It has a powerful action, and restores the youthful vigour and colour of the hair.

4. "Astol" is itself an absolutely clear and colourless liquid, supplied in dainty bottles. It does not give temporarily a false colour to the hair, but actually brings back its natural colour and lustre.

HOW GREY HAIR HANDICAPS.

These are very real and potent reasons for the triumph of "Astol" over old-fashioned and "messy" stains, dyes, and tints, and must at once make a strong appeal to every intelligent man and woman.

No man or woman can see their hair going grey without a pang. The appearance of grey hair too often sounds the death-knell of many hopes, aspirations, and ambitions. Whether it arises from shock, sickness, fright, anxiety or the natural passing of the years, it is a cause for regret, and in these strenuous modern days may almost be said to carry a stigma. At any rate, it is often a bar to social, professional and commercial success.

If you are troubled with any of these signs:

PATCHY GREYNESSE,
WHITE HAIR,
TEMPLE GREYNESSE,
STREAKY GREYNESSE,
GREYNESSE OVER THE EARS,

"Grey-Haired," in the pages of which the use of "ASTOL" is clearly explained so, that you have no trouble, difficulty or doubt as to exactly how to use the Free Test Supply.

A few minutes night and morning applying "Astol" as directed, and, no matter how long-standing your case may be, no matter what the cause of your grey hair, "Astol" will restore its full youthful colour.

No matter from whatever cause the greyness may arise, "Astol" will quickly and permanently banish it. The proprietors possess thousands of grateful letters bearing testimony to this, but, for obvious reasons, it would be a distinct breach of confidence and etiquette to publish any such letters. The "Astol" treatment for grey hair can be carried out without any other person being aware of the fact. Guard yourself against the ageing appearance of grey hair by the daily use of "Astol" and its invaluable companion, "Cremex" Shampoo.

AGE MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO "ASTOL."

No matter what is the cause of your greyness, whether it arises from effects of illness, worry, overwork, or from the natural advance of years—even at 50 or 60, the hair can be revived, and "Astol" will do it, for it has been proved beyond question in thousands of cases to be the unfailing remedy for greyness, from whatever cause arising.

Remember, "Astol" makes all the difference. Try it FREE.

Try "Astol" for yourself. Test it free by accepting one of these Free Trial Outfits. All you have to do is to cut out the Coupon below, and post it (with three penny stamps for postage and packing of the parcel).

After you have enjoyed the first week's free home toilet treatment, you can obtain further supplies of "Astol" at 3s. and 5s. per bottle; "Cremex," 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each), from all Chemists and Stores, or will be sent direct, on receipt of 6d. extra for postage, from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.



Grey-haired women, and men, too, are often surprised to find themselves left out of the pleasures of life. They are considered too old. Why not let "Astol" give you back that youthful appearance by permanently restoring your hair colour? "Astol" is not a dye or stain. It is quite colourless itself, and yet gives back the full, rich hair colour. This statement you are asked to prove free of cost for yourself. Cut out and post the coupon below, and a complete "Astol" Outfit will be sent to you gratis immediately.

RECENT OR LONG-STANDING GREYNESSE.

lose no time in sending for your Trial Supply of "Astol" now offered.

The Trial outfit comprises:

1. A Trial Bottle of "ASTOL," the new scientific preparation which, applied to the hair, immediately commences to restore your own rich, youthful hair colour.

2. A Packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, the splendid hair and scalp cleanser, which prepares the hair for the application of "ASTOL."

3. A Copy of the Instruction Book, "Good News for the

FREE "ASTOL" COUPON

Cut out and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

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NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")



THIS IS THE COMPLETE "ASTOL" OUTFIT.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE PUZZLE OF SLEEPING SICKNESS.

ENCEPHALITIS LETHARGICA, to give it its long-tailed name, has at last attracted the attention of our Ministry of Health, which has issued a pamphlet on the subject giving some statistics which go to show that the epidemic, slight as it was, is now declining. This was, on the whole, to be expected, as it seems to be almost entirely a winter complaint, as influenza is a spring and summer one—a fact which has led to the rather hasty conclusion that the two diseases are identical. Later researches, however, show that this is improbable, as Messrs. Loewe and Strauss, writing in the *Journal of Infectious Diseases*, and Mr. Tralhimer in the *Archives of Neurology and Psychiatry* (both published in the United States), claim that the organism producing the "sleeping sickness" has been isolated, and that it is a spherical body passing through all ordinary filters either singly, in pairs, or (less frequently) in chains, and that it much resembles that long ago identified with infantile paralysis or poliomyelitis. This organism has been found in the cerebro-spinal fluid, the blood, and the nasal secretions of patients suffering from it, and injections from these have proved capable of infecting rabbits and other small animals. On the whole, however, it seems to have a very small power of infection through the breath or otherwise than subcutaneously.

As to the symptoms, although at first sight they are apt to be confused with those of other diseases, they are easily distinguished even by lay observers. The attack generally begins with more or less marked excitement, which in a few days gives place to a positive inability to keep awake for more than a few minutes at a time. The pulse is rapid and temperature high, while headache and a general feeling of lassitude mark the rapidly decreasing intervals of wakefulness. Generally pains in the limbs are present, with sometimes spasmodic twitching or jerks of the muscles. The speech usually becomes difficult or slurred, and a peculiar mask-like expression of the face is observable in the majority of cases. The most certain symptoms, however, are seeing double, drooping of both eyelids, and some local palsy, like shaking of the head or the peculiar rolling of the

eyeball called nystagmus; some kind of facial paralysis generally follows quickly.

With regard to the cure, very little is at present known with certainty. Hexamine was at one time thought to be a specific, but a writer in this month's *British Medical Journal* thinks its effect doubtful, although he says at the same time that it can do no harm, if no great good. The removal of a fairly large

the disease increases later. It can apparently be repeated more than once in severe cases, but is open to the objection that it is merely doctoring symptoms without any endeavour to get at the seat of the disease. A case that went the round of the daily Press showed that a lady attacked by it made a complete recovery after being delivered of twins; but this is a remedy clearly impossible of application at will, and one from which, in the nature of things, the much-enduring male is excluded. Whatever ground, moreover, this might afford for the conclusion that the malady is what is called "nervous" is cut away by a case recorded in this month's *Lancet*, where a woman within a few weeks of becoming a mother was attacked by it and died some three weeks later after giving birth to a perfectly healthy infant.

Other guesses as to its origin and methods of propagation have up till now proved equally futile. The theory mentioned in this column a few weeks back, suggesting that the epidemic of hiccough might have some connection with it, seems knocked on the head by a communication to the *Société de Thérapeutique de Paris*, by Dr. Petges of Bordeaux, that this epidemic, which seems to have lately been prevalent in his district, is entirely rheumatic in its nature, and that he has found aspirin in one gramme doses very efficacious. It has, of course, no discoverable connection with the regular "sleeping sickness," or trypanosomiasis, of Central Africa, which follows the bite of the tsetse-fly, the absence of trypanosomes, the organisms causing this last complaint, being conspicuously absent in encephalitis. Yet the theory that it is due to the bite of some parasite is by no means to be lightly discarded. That the lesser mammals can be infected with it is in itself significant, and the story that has lately appeared in the papers that cats have in some places been found suffering from it in considerable numbers seems to point to one possible source of infection. It would be an excellent plan if the rats and mice—particularly the last-named—in any district where cases of encephalitis have lately shown themselves were caught and their fur examined for anything like unusual parasites. With the filth daily dumped upon our too hospitable shores

by shoals of immigrants from the war-stricken districts of Eastern Europe, we may easily receive other pests than Bolshevism.

F. L.



PRESENTED BY SCARLET ROD AND LADY MURRAY: AN OFFERTORY DISH FOR KING HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

This interesting offertory dish has been presented to Westminster Abbey for the service of King Henry the Seventh's Chapel (the Chapel of the Order of the Bath) by Colonel Sir Wyndham Murray, K.C.B., Scarlet Rod in the Order of the Bath, and Lady Murray. The figures in the centre are taken from Crivelli's picture in the Brera Gallery at Milan. "Tria juncta in uno" is the motto of the Order. The Royal Arms, the Arms of the Abbey, and those of the Order are on the margin. The Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, and the Arms of the donors are in the centre panel. The dish was dedicated to the service of the Abbey by the Dean, at the morning service on Sunday, March 13.

quantity of the cerebro-spinal fluid by lumbar puncture seems to give certain relief, and this will probably be the treatment in most hospitals if the frequency of

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FOR WORDS

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE NINTH EARL" AT THE COMEDY.

EVERYONE must wish so sterling an actor as Mr. Norman McKinnel good luck in management. He starts with a play of Hugo-like stamp, which, with a hero somewhat in the case of Jean Valjean, enables him to offer a haunting study of a man half-dehumanised by prison life and the isolation resulting from social boycott. This convict is, of course, made an innocent convict in Rudolf Besier's and May Edginton's story. His offence had been manslaughter occasioned by his championship of a defenceless girl—and, to heighten the irony of his situation, on release from prison he is shown as inheritor of a title and estate. The mere sight of the clergyman brings back the cowed, hang-dog look of convict days—the actor's facial play is wonderful in that scene. Once he catches his footman sniggering at him, and—here Mr. McKinnel makes us shudder with his suggestion of ferocity—nearly strangles him. His one comfort is a packet of letters sent him all through his period of imprisonment: did he but know it, the writer of them is close at hand. She is the little girl he befriended. Miss Jessie Winter invests her with quiet charm; Mr. Goodrich and Mr. Halliwell Hobbes are good as a lawyer and a butler respectively; but the triumph in acting is Mr. McKinnel's.

"THE REBEL MAID" AT THE EMPIRE.

"The Rebel Maid," newly produced at the Empire, is veritable comic opera, with a Sullivan-esque touch in its score. Really it is a cape-and-sword melodrama, set to music; Devonshire is its picturesque background, and the conspiracy which brought Dutch William to the throne is drawn upon for the plot. Throughout the play, Miss Clara Butterworth makes a dashing and vivacious heroine. Her fine voice is also used to advantage, save that it is difficult to hear the words of her songs. Mr. Thorpe Bates, as the maid's sailor lover, sings fervently and acts no less well. In addition, Mr. Hayden Coffin makes a welcome reappearance; Mr. Leslie Carter is equipped with a "fat" part as villain; and there are excellent low-comedy opportunities for Mr. Walter Passmore and Miss Betty Chester. As for the music of Mr. Montague Phillips, it is content, for the most part, with being melodious, but his orchestration is consistently clever, and now and then he reminds us that he could do more ambitious work, were it wanted.

ADVENTURES OF FIFTY YEARS.

IN 1870, when he was fifteen, Mr. Frank Hedges Butler gratified for the first time the *wanderlust* within him. The occasion was a mere visit to France, from Dover, yet he was able to note: "Saw many soldiers reading the proclamation of the war." His most recent travellings took him to the same country, and again there was war. Between whiles, he saw many things in many places, and adventured boldly on land, on the seas, and in the air. His memories

the large vessels, and when towards the end they joined hands to finish the dance the grapes were completely crushed. The process occupied about ten minutes."

But let us pass to pioneering days. In 1878 Mr. Hedges Butler was in Paris, and went up in the captive balloon at the Tuilleries. Years later, in 1901, he made the first of his hundred free balloon ascents, voyaging from the Crystal Palace in company with his daughter, the late Hon. C. S. Rolls, and Mr. Stanley Spencer, the aeronaut—and, incidentally, founding the Royal Aero Club while in the air. On Dec. 15 of the following year, he made his first solo ascent, covering 115 miles. In July 1906 he went over London with a biograph. In November 1907 he was one of the first two Englishmen to make an ascent in a dirigible airship not belonging to the Government, to start and return to the same point—this from Sartrouville, Paris, in the "Ville de Paris." So much for lighter-than-air craft. He made his first aeroplane flight in 1908 on the invitation of Wilbur Wright, who took him up on his machine at Le Mans.

As to motoring, Mr. Butler had his first experience of a car in 1896, when, at Beaune, he saw a part of the Paris-Marseilles race; and in the following year he was the proud possessor of a Benz, described on the invoice as a motor velocipede, price £120.

With details of such experiences "Fifty Years of Travel by Land, Water, and Air" (T. Fisher Unwin; 21s. net) is filled, together with much that is intriguing of the author's journeys in Europe, in the United States, in India, in Morocco, in East Africa, in Lapland, and so on; and, latterly, in France, during the Great War.



IN HER MOST GORGEOUS DRESS AS THE PSEUDO GRAND DUCHESS: MISS JOSE COLLINS IN "SYBIL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

are always of interest and value, often full of colour, ever informative, and fascinating in their contrasts. Witness two very different scenes. The first concerns the monastery at Cartuja, as it was in '78. The monks, of the Order of Certosa, "never spoke to one another except that, when they met, one brother would say, 'We must die,' and the other would solemnly answer, 'I know it.'" The second tells of wine-pressing in the Médoc district at the same period. "I visited the Château Lafite, owned by Baron Rothschild, where the vintage was in full swing. . . . When the troughs . . . were full, men stepped into them, and, while a fiddler played a merry tune, they danced with bared legs a form of quadrille. The movements took them all round

the R.I.C., and, to indicate the occasion for publishing it, we titled it: "The Reinstatement of Dismissed R.I.C. Cadets: Major-General Tudor." It has been pointed out that this title might be taken to mean that the photograph shows an actual reinstatement of a cadet. As we have said, the particular man shown was not being reinstated, but decorated. The illustration was given primarily as a portrait of General Tudor, no studio photograph of him being at the moment available, and the ceremony was merely incidental. We much regret that the title was misleading. Had space permitted, it should have read: "Apropos the reinstatement of R.I.C. Cadets: Major-General Tudor decorating a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary."

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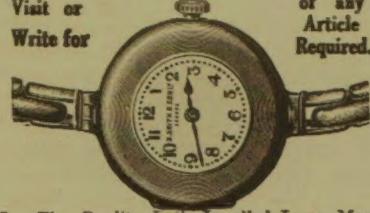
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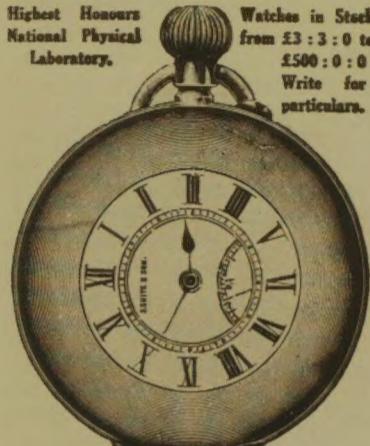


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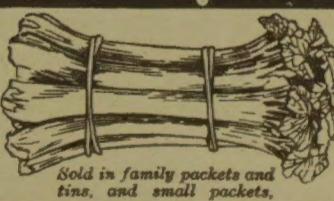
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Light Car Trial. Mr. S. F. Edge, having become identified with the interests of a certain light car, seems now to be enamoured of the idea of a reliability trial for this class of vehicle. Surely he is a little late in the field, since



THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND HIS ELECTIONEERING CAR: SIR ARTHUR GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN IN THE 11.9-H.P. BEAN, WHICH HE USED AT DUDLEY.

almost everybody whose interests, other than manufacturing, are centred upon the class has been advocating such a test ever since the Armistice. The Royal Scottish A.C. proposed to hold a trial last year, but it failed to eventuate because light-car manufacturers were not ready. The trial was accordingly dropped for the time being, but I believe it is the intention of the Club to attempt to hold it in 1922. I myself

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have been very keen on seeing such a test, because, like Mr. Edge, I think it would do a vast amount of good. Not only would it assist the public in its judgment as between the good and the indifferent cars in the light classes, but it would also call attention to the really wonderful capabilities of the smaller-powered cars, which, as a rule, are fully capable of putting up performances equal to cars of ambitious size and horse-power. The average good 12-h.p. car will maintain quite as high a touring speed, climb hills as fast as, or even faster than, most of the "twenties" and "twenty-fives," and at half the running cost. There are only two directions in which the bigger class scores. The latter may have from five to seven miles an hour more in reserve on the level, and certainly possesses more passenger and luggage accommodation. The latter is a consideration, admittedly; but there is little in the other.

A Trial Necessary.

For every reason I agree that a light-car trial would be a good thing. Good as it is, the light car is still capable of improvement, and there is nothing like a public trial, under rigorous supervision, for demonstrating both the good and bad qualities of cars. I myself have had considerable experience of these trials, with the result that I have

no patience at all with those who argue that they serve no useful purpose. The last extended trial that was held was that promoted by the R.A.C. for light cars, in 1914. I forget what proportion of the entrants fell out altogether as a consequence of roadside failures, but I know it was fairly high. The argument, therefore, is that the light car of 1914 possessed certain inherent weaknesses which needed such a test to demonstrate, and, further, that these weaknesses have been discovered and put right. The last is for another trial to show.

There is one aspect of such trials that I should like to refer to. The conditions under which they are conducted must be changed, and no longer

should it be possible for a poor car, jockeyed through by a clever driver with a "non-stop," to obtain highest honours, while a far better one which fails to go through without a stop should be reduced to an "also ran," for something which does not matter. I am able to speak feelingly on this subject. In the 1914 trial, to which I have referred, I was driving a very fine little car indeed, which failed of the non-stop because of a faulty sparking-plug, but finished a very punishing thousand miles over the worst roads and hills within a hundred miles of Harrogate, in perfect mechanical condition. Certain other cars scraped through with non-stops, but would have been off the road altogether if the trial had continued for another two hundred miles. One, I recollect, came in on the last day with a broken front spring, but got its gold medal for completing the trial without an involuntary stop. That sort of thing is farcical; and if, as I hope it will, the Royal Scottish A.C. does promote a trial this year or next, it should give special attention to real performance, as against such results as all who have taken part in such trials know to be quite usual.

W. W.

The Easter arrangements of the South Eastern and Chatham Company provide for many additional trains,



A CAR WITH A GREAT REPUTATION: A 16-H.P. TALBOT-DARRACQ SALOON.
Photograph by the Albemarle Press.

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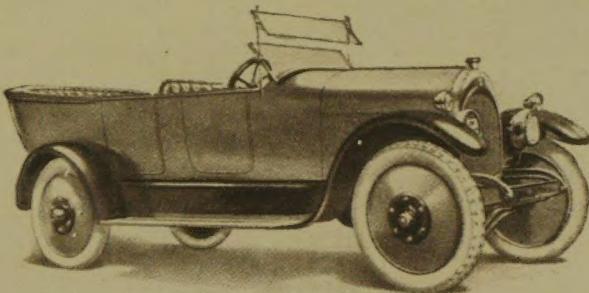


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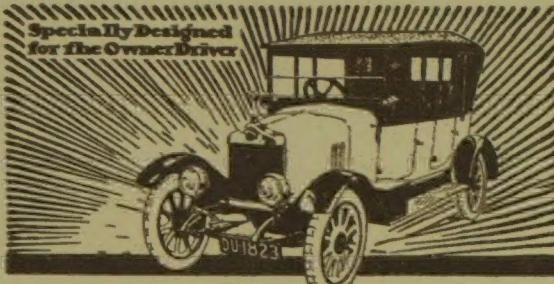
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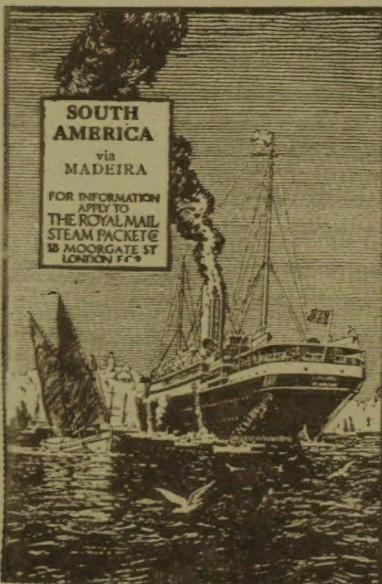
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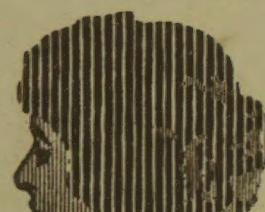
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OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris.

THE French literary world has recently been shaken to its very foundations by the violent controversy arising out of an adverse criticism which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on a certain play taken, more or less, from the Greek by two distinguished authors. The criticism is admitted to have been a perfectly fair one, though perhaps a trifle severe; but there was nothing in it to which exception could be taken as regards language. The authors in question, however, considered that their work had been unfairly treated, and wrote a reply which they desired the editor of the *Revue* (who had, incidentally, written the criticism) should publish. This he refused to do, and hence the controversy on the "*droit de réponse*," which ended, so far as that particular case was concerned, in a judgment in favour of the authors, given in open Court.

The result of the judgment has unfortunately been to kill all intelligent criticism for the time being, and to fill the newspapers with the baldest *comptes-rendus* of the new plays and books now appearing. The famous decision was based on an old law of 1881, Article 13 of which confers "absolute and unlimited" right of reply by the author to any criticism of his work. Now that public interest is really aroused, perhaps something may be done to alter this inconvenient law.

Not long ago, while motoring along part of the old battle line of the Somme, I came across a small white stone column set by the roadside, the apex of which was crowned by an effigy of a simple shrapnel helmet of the pattern worn by the French troops, and the whole encircled by a wreath of palm-leaves for valour. On the front of the column there was carved the simple inscription, "Passant, souviens-toi" (Pass-by, remember), and then the dates of the opening and the closing of the Great War. Something in the simple dignity of the little monument was extraordinarily touching; it said so little and yet so much; none could fail to respond to the mute appeal and bow the head for a moment in memory of those unknown heroes whose sacrifice preserved the soil of France to future generations.

There are indications that a great campaign

against social evils is about to be inaugurated by the Government, who seem at last to be alarmed at the high death-rate from tuberculosis, and the rate of infant mortality. A great deal has already been done by private enterprise here, as in England, to educate the mothers of the poorer classes to an appreciation of cleanliness; but what can a few well-intentioned women do towards educating a whole nation? It is time that the State took up the matter seriously.

There is already an able Minister of Hygiene who is very much alive to the situation. At a big public meeting presided over by M. Vidal, forcible speeches were made by M. Léon Bourgeois, M. Raoul Péret,

THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

OUR British colony of Jamaica, having no further excuse for issuing war-stamps, is turning its philatelic attention to the concerns of peace. The first of a new series of stamps has just appeared, a 1d. stamp printed in olive-green and blue-green. It is of a large size, and shows a view of the exhibition buildings of the great Exposition at Kingston, the capital, in 1891. The design is one of a series which has been prepared from the sketches of an artist in the colony, and the complete issue will extend up to the 5s. denomination. Each stamp will bear a scene representative of the life and progress of the colony. The stamps are surface-printed on chalk-surfaced paper by Messrs. De La Rue and Co., London.

The Australian Commonwealth has just issued a new 2d. stamp in connection with the raising of the postal tariff. Hitherto the stamp of this denomination has been in the earliest Commonwealth design, showing a kangaroo superimposed on a skeleton map of Australia; this was printed in grey. The new stamp is printed in orange, and, as will be seen from the illustration, it shows the profile of King George in a frame in which a kangaroo and an emu figure.

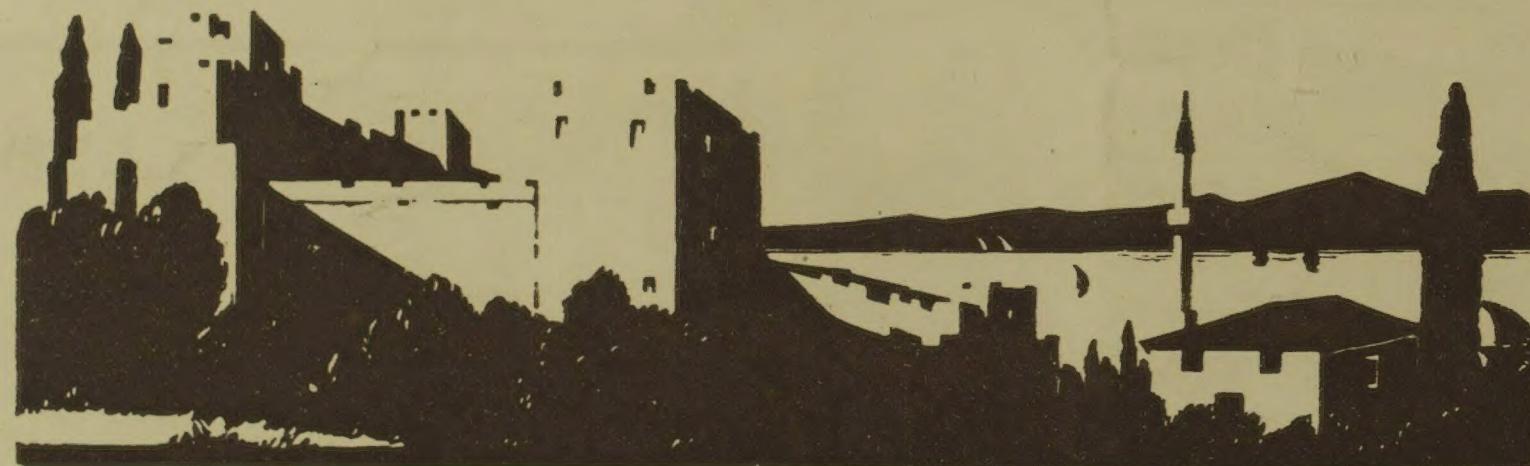
The first stamps of Palestine under the British régime have arrived. They have already been described by me in these notes, but I now illustrate a short set showing the stamps of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force overprinted "Palestine" in three languages—Arabic, English, and Hebrew. Since I last wrote of these, the Egyptian Expeditionary Force stamps have also been overprinted with an Arabic inscription meaning "Beyond the Jordan," for temporary use under the provisional Arab Government that has been set up under British auspices at Es Salt.

Continental Easter arrangements by the S.E. and C.R. routes (Dover-Calais, Folkestone-Boulogne, Dover-Ostend, Folkestone-Flushing) include the issue of cheap return tickets by the 7.20 a.m. service from Victoria (S.E. and C.R.) to Calais, and by the 8.45 a.m. service from Victoria (S.E. and C.R.) to Boulogne. The Casino at Boulogne will be open during the Easter holidays. Passports are essential. All information can be obtained at the Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria Station (S.E. and C.R.), S.W.1.



1. The first of Jamaica's new series: a 1d. stamp showing the Kingston Exhibition Buildings. 2. A new Australian 2d. stamp: the King's head between a kangaroo and an emu. 3 to 6. Stamps of Palestine under the British Mandate: an E.E.F. set overprinted "Palestine" in Arabic, English, and Hebrew.—(Stamps supplied by Mr. Fred J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.)

and other distinguished statesmen. To be told that even now 18 per cent. of the families in France live in one room prepares one in a measure for the appalling tuberculosis statistics. This is by far the greatest scourge from which France is suffering at the present time, and, despite the energetic measures taken by the Rockefeller Commission, which has been busy in twenty-six French departments, with almost unlimited funds behind it, they have only been able to touch the fringe of the trouble. It is hard to know how best to combat the evil, which, if not checked soon, will depopulate the country as effectually as any war. Education is slow, but it is the only real and lasting remedy.



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